

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. LXXXIV

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 9, 1938

NUMBER 1214

Fascist Guns Win Teruel

The recapture of Teruel by Franco is a heavy blow to the Spanish Loyalists. Their previous winning of this town by a surprise offensive proved that at last the government had a good army, and it turned the tables on Franco by substituting for his long heralded drive a defeat that seriously damaged his prestige. Now, however, Franco's counter-offensive indicates that he has received armament from abroad that gives him a clear superiority in artillery and possibly in airplanes as well. The Loyalist infantry is probably still better than his, but it could not hold its positions against such heavy fire. At the moment, the situation of the government is at least no worse than it was last fall, but unless the disproportion of artillery and planes can be remedied, it must expect further defeats. All this indicates the supreme importance of the negotiations now going on between the British government and Italy. If Franco's belligerent rights are recognized, he can keep on receiving arms while he blockades the Loyalist coast and so prevent his enemies from achieving equality. This issue is of far greater moment than that concerning the withdrawal of Italian troops.

Token Withdrawals from Spain

Europe is buzzing with terms of the supposed agreement Prime Minister Chamberlain has made or is about to make with Italy. Among the items often mentioned are: Recognition of Ethiopia, a large British

loan to Italy, joint control of the Suez Canal, agreements for approximately the status quo in Libya and Egypt, and the granting of belligerent rights to Franco in Spain, after a "token withdrawal" of Italian troops. On most of these points, speculation is useless until we know the facts. It is well to remember, however, that Italy could withdraw a large part of all her soldiers without weakening the Spanish Rebels in any important degree. Italy's most valuable aid, as the military experts have been pointing out, consists of artillery, tanks, airplanes and the technicians to operate them. There is ample evidence that Franco himself thinks very little of the fighting qualities of the Italian infantry, and has relied on them chiefly to patrol his conquered territory, dig ditches, repair roads and the like. If Chamberlain, as part of his bargain with Italy, consents to leave any Italian forces in Spain at all, the world will know, as it has long suspected, that he does not want the Loyalists to win.

Japan Encounters Trouble

In China, as the weeks go by, it becomes clear that the Japanese have undertaken an unexpectedly costly and perhaps even a disastrous enterprise. Though their armies have conquered a good deal of territory, they are as far as ever from defeating and scattering the opposing Chinese forces. Even the capture of specific objectives requires great sacrifice and long delay. The three chief Japanese commanders in China have been recalled for no announced reason. This action may be

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Entered as Second Class matter, November 6, 1914, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879

attributed to the lack of discipline that led to the sacking of Nanking and the long series of offenses against foreigners, but it is more likely to be due to disappointment over the progress of the war. In the meantime other difficulties have arisen for the invaders. The Chinese air force has been reorganized and strengthened; it has not only attacked Japanese troop concentrations but has bombed Formosa and has even threatened air raids in Japan proper. And the Japanese Diet, not realizing the seriousness of the national plight, balks at introducing the drastic internal control desired by the military authorities.

War Means Profits

The bill to "take the profit out of war," now before the House of Representatives, is as deceptive as most such bills have been in the past. For a long time veterans' organizations have been insisting that in any future war both capital and labor should be conscripted, just as they themselves were in the last. They don't like the idea of people at home making large profits or high wages while drafted soldiers are doing the fighting on next to nothing. This is a perfectly natural feeling. The trouble is, however, that under a capitalist system, while you may conscript labor or soldiers, you can't deprive capital of profits during a war. The present bill, for instance, merely contemplates the passage of excess-profits taxes at unspecified rates. It does contain an ingenuous provision to prevent profits from being diverted to salaried officials, by providing for the conscription of these officials. And it does omit any direct mention of the conscription of labor. In these respects it is perhaps an improvement over its predecessors. But it provides for army control over the whole population of military age. It is interesting to see that even the Japanese Diet balks at a similar measure, on the ground that it is fascistic. Clearly, we shall need special organization to limit profits, fix prices and direct our economy if we ever go to war again, but we should be very cautious about putting the whole population under military control on the basis of the delusion that it is possible to eliminate profit.

The Filibuster Wins

The bloc of Southern Senators who have filibustered so long and determinedly against the Wagner-Van Nuys anti-lynching bill have at last succeeded in their purpose. For twenty-nine days they were in command of debate on the floor of the Senate despite the amount and importance of other legislative business that could receive no attention. Finally the friends of the anti-lynching bill were forced to abandon it for the present session in order to get down to other pressing matters on the Senate calendar. But the fight for the anti-lynching bill is by no means over. It was admitted that opinion in the Senate favors passage of the measure; otherwise the filibuster, of course, would have had

no point. The Southern Senators, moreover, were not even representing the sentiments of their own sections when they fought so bitterly against the bill. Many of the best newspapers in the South have expressed their approval of anti-lynching legislation and of this specific bill, and it is reasonable to assume that this is a point of view which their readers share. Public opinion favors a federal law against lynching and in the long run this sentiment is bound to find legislative expression.

Moscow and Collective Security

Earl Browder and other American Communists who are demanding that the United States join in concerted action against the fascist powers, insist that they do so, not primarily in the interest of Soviet Russia but that of the United States. We may now be able to test the accuracy of his statement. Various reports from Soviet Russia indicate that its government may be changing its policy on this important matter. A few days ago, for example, Walter Duranty wrote from Moscow in *The New York Times* that "the idea of collective security . . . is viewed [by Soviet officials] as being as dead as the proverbial doornail." It has several times been suggested that Stalin's recent letter which called upon the world proletariat to aid the USSR in case of attack may have been written because he knew in advance of Chamberlain's shift toward Germany and Italy and was seeking to show his independence. If the American Communists continue to support a fundamental policy after Moscow has turned against it, we can indeed believe they are exercising their independent judgment.

The Ladies and War

Commenting on the recent Conference on the Cause and Cure of War, *The New Republic* in its issue of February 2 quoted from two conflicting resolutions, one of which approved sanctions against aggressors, including "economic measures and even the use of military force," although another referred to "financial and economic measures, not including war." Representatives of the conference indignantly repudiate our comment, although admitting that it accurately summarized reports in the daily press. The first statement quoted, it appears, was in the tentative program of the National Defense Study Commission, not actually approved by the conference, which merely "accepted that interim report as a tentative statement and authorized the Study Commission to complete its work."

While we are glad to correct this error, we cannot attach to it so much importance as do the representatives of the conference who have written to us about it. The second statement given above does appear in the official program for 1938, recommended to the eleven participating organizations. It says that among the measures for the purpose of eliminating war there should be: "Provision for coöperation with other nations in financial and economic measures, not including

war, designed to withhold aid to a treaty-breaking nation." We are profoundly convinced that any attempt to carry out this part of the conference program would result in war. To believe otherwise seems to us to disregard all the facts of human history and human psychology.

The Air Goes Nationalist

The use of the radio for international propaganda has been steadily increasing in recent years. One of the great grievances of the British against Italy has been the hostile material broadcast by the Italians in Egypt, Palestine and indeed, all through the Near East. Soviet Russia has long been using the air waves to broadcast to Western Europe, and Nazi Germany does perhaps the most skillful and comprehensive job of all. The invention of beam short-wave radio has enormously helped these activities, making it possible to lay down a verbal barrage, concentrated upon a small area in any given direction, thousands of miles away. American listeners with short-wave sets are thoroughly familiar with "Uncle Veelee," who gets up at four in the morning to send from a station outside Berlin German greetings to friends in America, and incidentally tries to make Hitlerland seem a paradise. From South America come reports that both Germany and Italy have lately been paying great attention to that area, which in part may help to explain the rapid spread of fascism in the Latin American republic.

President Roosevelt has recently appointed a committee to study the effects of this radio propaganda and to see what can be done to prevent it. We can tell him the answer now: nothing. In Europe, illegal "jamming" of programs you don't like, by sending out a carrier wave of the same length, is occasionally employed, but only leads to retaliation. About all one can do is to meet propaganda with counter-propaganda of your own, and this in fact is what the United States is now beginning to do in the case of our southern neighbors. The democracies, however, are at a disadvantage in competing with the Fascist powers because of their old-fashioned prejudice against unmitigated falsehood. . . . At least that is our theory.

Polyglots and Marchers

Are New Yorkers "merely a polyglot collection of dollar-chasing people without civic pride"? According to Mr. Grover A. Whalen, president of the New York World's Fair Corporation, a great many people in the United States think they are. It is not so, Mr. Whalen says, and he has ordered that Saturday, April 30, be set aside as the day on which New Yorkers can prove their mettle by marching from Washington Square to Flushing Meadow Park (where the World's Fair will be held) with hundreds of colorful floats, automobiles, motorcycles, motorized army detachments, sailors, marines, labor-union representatives and federal, state,

city and foreign dignitaries. This is wonderfully simple; perhaps a little too much so. Suppose you were a non-polyglot, non-dollar-chaser, with fallen arches? Suppose a polyglot happened to be going the same way as the parade, and fell into step? Suppose some mean-spirited person in one class or another decided to muddy up the statistics (a) by marching even though a dollar-chaser or (b) by staying home even though as non-polyglot as Mr. Whalen himself? Reluctantly we conclude that the world isn't so simple as Mr. Whalen seems to think. It couldn't be.

Death Rides with the Trucks

Life on the highway ought to be a little safer as a result of the Supreme Court decision on the South Carolina law limiting the size of trucks. The state had forbidden the use of its roads to vehicles more than 90 inches wide or weighing more than 20,000 pounds, and the Court has ruled that South Carolina had the right to pass such a law. This is a field in which federal legislation, or at the least, uniform state laws are much needed. A large and increasing part of all freight now goes by road. Huge trucks and trailers not only break down the pavement, but are responsible for many deaths every year, especially among drivers of passenger cars who become irritated at long delay and take a chance in trying to get by. Eventually, separate roads will have to be built, at a probable cost of \$15,000,000,000 or more. In the meantime, much can be done by limiting the size and weight of commercial vehicles and by insisting they shall be able to maintain a specified minimum rate of speed even on hills. Already, in some parts of the country, the police are ordering the slowest trucks off the road, either on week-ends and holidays, or at all times.

News Notes of a Week

While the world waited this week for Prime Minister Chamberlain's negotiations with Italy, Austria showed an unexpected degree of resistance to the German Nazis. Some observers suggested that Italian support might be responsible for the stiffening of Schuschnigg's backbone. . . . The United States continued its policy regarding China by refusing to remove its nationals from the war area or to require them to mark their property so as to exempt it from attack. . . . While Japan put out feelers in regard to a possible new conference for naval limitation, the United States, France and Great Britain proceeded on the assumption that unrestricted naval building is now inevitable. . . . India gave fresh proof that her people are still profoundly dissatisfied with the conditions of British rule.

At home, preparations continued for railroading through Congress the naval-building bill which would require expenditures of something between \$880,000,000 and \$1,250,000,000. The dispute over the efficacy of battleships went on, with President Roose-

vult supporting the big ships. . . . Paul V. McNutt, of Indiana, Governor of the Philippines, was guest of honor at an extraordinary Washington jamboree, described by reporters as the beginning of a campaign to make him the anti-Roosevelt candidate for the Democratic presidential nomination in 1940.

Chamberlain Gets His Chance

IN ENGLAND ESPECIALLY, but also in other nations, people who favor peace and democracy have faced a dilemma of judgment about policy toward Germany. On the one hand it was almost universally admitted that the Central Powers had suffered injustice in the peace settlement, that the status it established was unstable and sure to lead to trouble. This mistake should have been remedied during the days of the German republic; the fact that it was not, prepared the way for Hitler and what has followed. The dilemma then became, whether the error could now be rectified, or on the other hand whether any concession to Hitler would merely strengthen a regime which was insatiable and would become more aggressive, the more concessions it obtained by threats of force. Something of the same dilemma existed in reference to Mussolini. The peace treaties did Italy something more than justice, to be sure; nevertheless it was a legitimate question whether Mussolini's threat to world peace might not be minimized if a relatively harmless way could be found to satisfy him.

On the whole, the professed principle of the non-Fascist states since the advent of Hitler has been based on the assumption that in regard to these two adventurers the safe course was to surrender as little as possible and restrain their aggression. The policy of collective security, of League sanctions against Italy in the Ethiopian affair, of the Franco-Czech and Franco-Soviet alliances, was directed toward maintaining the status quo. This policy, however, was continually interrupted by periods of weakening and proposals of compromise. The Hoare-Laval agreement, the French attitude toward reoccupation of the Rhineland, the British naval agreement with Hitler, the farce of Spanish non-intervention, and finally the surrender of Austria, have indicated either bad conscience or fear, or perhaps both, in keeping a solid front against the dictators. But this was the worst of possible attitudes—alternately to threaten strong measures against aggression, and to give in whenever aggression was undertaken. Alternate severity and surrender on the part of parents is sure to make confirmed delinquents out of bad boys, and is equally encouraging to the destructive tendencies of full-grown bandits.

On this ground it is perhaps well that the British Cabinet is now of one mind instead of two, even if that mind be a mistaken one. Mr. Chamberlain will

have a chance to explore the possibility of concessions to Hitler and Mussolini that will put an end to their aggressive actions and their hostile designs. What kind of terms can be drawn up that will at once be acceptable to the dictators and will offer anything like real security to the rest of Europe? Eden and his supporters do not believe there are any. But Chamberlain, who says he does believe so, now can do his best to prove his point. If he does prove it, everybody will draw a sigh of relief. If he does not, then Chamberlain will probably be compelled either to change his policy or relinquish power, and it will be easier to pursue the opposite course with a single mind.

The chance of a safe and healing compromise is probably as good now as it ever will be. The hand of the British Cabinet in the negotiations will be strengthened by the fact that its hold on public support for this policy, both in England and in France, is exceedingly precarious. A preliminary poll by the British Institute of Public Opinion—an affiliate of the American body of the same name—indicates that 58 percent of the voters back Eden's position and 26 percent Chamberlain's, while the rest are uncertain. The French Chamber of Deputies, by a nearly unanimous vote, has again declared for collective security and the Czech and Russian alliances, though at the same time reiterating support of England. Unless Il Duce and Der Führer can give Chamberlain some very tangible assurances, he can scarcely win over this opposition in the long run.

Chamberlain's opportunity is increased also by the fact that the dictators are weak in basic resources and cannot for some time do more than bluff at their readiness to fight. Neither Germany nor Italy has the reserves of material to engage in a long war against first-class enemies. Their present game is to win territory and resources, not by war but by the threat of war. Even so weak a prize as Austria does not seem to be falling into Hitler's lap at the first shake of the tree. Czechoslovakia has reaffirmed her intention to resist aggression. Now that Hitler and Mussolini have a friend at the head of the British government, they will want to keep him there. But they cannot do so indefinitely unless they can give him enough concessions, in exchange for what they want, so that he can keep his domestic opposition at bay. They must know, if they have any sense at all, that his defeat would mean a far smaller opportunity for the policy of bluff.

The fate of Spain, Austria and Czechoslovakia may depend on these negotiations. How strongly does Mussolini really want Franco to win? Is he committed to suzerainty over Spanish territory, or is he mainly concerned with salvaging his prestige? In the latter case, concessions elsewhere might enable him to withdraw and cover the withdrawal by a great diplomatic victory. How much does Hitler want political union with Austria, and how much merely economic concessions? Something might be patched up here which

would satisfy his pride without involving too much danger to the Austrians. The same holds true in Czechoslovakia. Can the interests of the German minority be safeguarded without endangering the Republic as a whole? It is barely conceivable that there is a solution along these lines that Hitler would accept—especially if he got some colonies back. It is well to explore such possibilities.

But if Chamberlain comes from the negotiations, as it is feared he will, without any guarantees of tangible security for Spain, Austria or Czechoslovakia, or if it appears that he has conceded to Hitler a free hand for aggression on the eastern front merely as a price for a promise of peace in the west, the point of his critics both in England and France will have been proved. It will be demonstrated that the dictators cannot be tamed by friendly negotiation, and that they have won what they have gained merely by their nuisance value. In that case the issue will be clear, and we shall know what to expect. If Chamberlain remains in power and any settlement of this sort is approved, future war will be almost certain. If he or his policy is repudiated, it will have been demonstrated that compromise is impossible, and we may expect a firmer front against the aggressors.

The Fourth Moscow Trial

THE FOURTH of the treason trials in Soviet Russia is in some ways the most important of all. The list of defendants is breath-taking, including as it does Rykov, former Premier, Bukharin, once editor of *Izvestia*, Rakovsky, former Ambassador to France, Yagoda, long head of the secret police, a first assistant to Foreign Commissar Litvinov, a commissar of foreign trade, a chief of the timber industry, a finance commissar and others who formerly held almost equally responsible posts, to a total of twenty-one. Among the defendants are several leading physicians who are charged with murdering three important patients in their care, including Maxim Gorky. Still more astonishing are the charges against the other defendants. They are accused of plotting against Lenin, Stalin and the whole Russian Revolution as far back as 1918, and continuing their plots ever since. The detailed specifications include espionage, sabotage, terrorism, attempts to bring on war and efforts to dismember the USSR. Trotsky, as usual, is named as the chief conspirator.

From previous experience, we know what to expect at this trial. All the accused will plead guilty—in Russia treason trials are not usually held until the defendants have confessed. They will tell elaborate stories of their plots, and these stories will fit together almost perfectly. They will be so detailed and circumstantial that it will seem impossible that they can have

been rehearsed. All will be found guilty and, presumably, imprisoned for long terms or executed.

Outside Soviet Russia, opinion on the trials will divide strictly along ideological lines. Supporters of the present Soviet government will insist that the confessions are true, that nearly every Old Bolshevik was a traitor from the beginning, and that only Lenin and Stalin were honest participants in all the heartbreaking toil of constructing a new society over a period of many years. Trotskyists and other antagonists of the regime will say that the trials are an elaborate hoax, that Stalin has betrayed communism and is killing all the communists in order to conceal this fact. Every periodical that discusses the affair at all will receive a flood of letters of denunciation from partisans of one side or both.

At the moment, our own feeling is that attempts to get at the truth behind the Russian purge are about as futile as seeking to answer the old question, "Who won the San Francisco earthquake?" At the time of the Revolution and ever since, its enemies have said that it was conducted by traitors and madmen. This is now the official view of the Stalin government as to all of the twenty-five or thirty leading figures in that drama, except two. If the theory is wrong, then the statements must apply about equally well to the men who today rule Russia's destiny. Under either interpretation, what has happened in Soviet Russia becomes one of the world's great tragedies. At the same time, we must not, Hamlet-like, contemplate this tragedy so exclusively that we misjudge the USSR in its present strength. There is no real reason to believe that it has been seriously weakened by recent events in a military sense. Many millions of Russians who are playing an active part in their country's affairs were only in the cradle when the Revolution took place. The USSR is in many ways the strongest nation on earth—as Japan and Germany may find out to their cost.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1938,
IN THE U. S., BY EDITORIAL PUBLICATIONS, INC.,
40 EAST 49TH STREET, NEW YORK

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SINGLE COPIES, FIFTEEN CENTS; YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION,
FIVE DOLLARS; CANADIAN, FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS;
FOREIGN, SIX DOLLARS; THREE MONTHS' TRIAL, ONE DOLLAR

Why Hitler's Bluff Succeeds

ON A SHORT-RANGE VIEW, professional soldiers and sailors are sometimes the stoutest advocates of peace. No competent soldier, laboring to perfect the instrument he commands, will look on calmly while a reckless politician stakes it in adventures for which, to his knowledge, it is as yet imperfectly prepared. In retrospect, after Hitler's operation in Austria, we can understand why he made a purge among his generals. They may have annoyed him by protesting when Marshal von Blomberg married "beneath him." Whatever else the former housepainter turned Führer may be, he is not a snob. It may have seemed an anomaly that alone of all the institutions of the Totalitarian State the army should remain immune from Nazi ideology. This close caste of hereditary squires and soldiers lived its own intimate life. It resisted the infection of democracy while it reluctantly served the liberal Republic. It remained conservative, class-conscious and traditionally Christian, while, with less reluctance, it obeyed a National Socialist government. That misprint in the German plan will now be corrected. The army will fall into line. The purge has removed the more independent of the senior officers, who may have talked at times rather imprudently about a monarchist restoration.

The decisive reason for the purge was, however, something much more actual and urgent than this. Hitler, when he struck at General von Fritsch and his friends, had already planned his move against Austria. This, by all the signs and omens, is likely to be the prelude to an extensive campaign of expansion and national assertion. With von Fritsch there fell, too, albeit gently and with decorum, the cautious, elderly Herr von Neurath from the direction of foreign policy. The new phase was marked by the promotion to his post of Herr von Ribbentrop, in whom London has learned to recognize the clumsiest fanatic who ever strayed into diplomacy.

The generals, reasoning from their own expert standpoint, had become in Nazi eyes obstructive. It is widely known that they shrank from the reoccupation of the Rhineland, because they realized that their newly expanded conscript army, as yet untrained and without reserves, was no match for the French. Though they may have welcomed the chance to try out their new weapons in Spain, they sought to limit that adventure to modest proportions. They were contemptuous of the whole policy of the Rome-Berlin axis, partly because they remembered Italy's desertion of her allies in 1914, but chiefly because they had a poor opinion of Il Duce's army. Finally, they were never enthusiasts for the triple ideological alliance "against Communism," because in former years they

had collaborated closely with the Red Army and respected its technical competence. In no sense were they pacifists: they believed in expansion and in power-politics. But they shrank from any game of bluff. They would face a risk when their expert reckonings of numbers, training, arms and above all, economic resources promised them a wide margin of superiority, but they were half-hearted and perhaps obstructive when the politicians ran into dangers which had in their judgment a suicidal aspect.

There now faces us a very singular conundrum. These German generals are not the only expert soldiers in Europe. If they judged that the odds (including, above all, the economic factors) are still so heavily against Germany that a certain caution should be observed by her diplomacy, why have the Western Powers followed a consistent policy of timidity and retreat? The French and British staffs must also know that a great conscript army cannot be created in two or even three years. Have they illusions about German's ability to withstand a blockade? Have Mussolini's boasts hypnotized them? Did they fail to realize that the Red Army (at all events before its dictator's still more ruthless purge) was a technically competent as well as a gigantic force?

Why, then, have Western statesmen never called the bluff of the "axis"? At every point they have yielded, from the occupation of the Rhineland down to the latest move for the absorption of Austria, from the invasion of Spain to the Japanese conquest of China. They have done so, moreover, with the knowledge that each of these Nazi-Fascist advances altered the strategical reckoning to their own loss. Germany has now behind the Rhine a strong, perhaps an impregnable line of defense against any French offensive. She has obtained in Spanish Morocco, round Bilbao, and now in the Austrian mountains, an ample supply of the iron ore she formerly lacked. With the Austrian army and its lines of communication under her control, she is now mistress of Central and Eastern Europe. From Majorca, Italy can dominate the western Mediterranean. What was reckless bluff a year ago, will be much less rash tomorrow. In short, by this early failure to call the bluff of the "axis," have not the Western Powers endangered their own supremacy, and even their safety? On both sides, the military experts have been curiously fallible. If the German generals did well to be sober, it seems to follow that the French and British should have been bold.

The explanation is complex. In the first place the British experts were themselves aware of grave deficiencies. They had been slow to mechanize the army: they had neglected the air force: even the navy fell far

below the admirals' own standard. It is arguable that these defects were deliberately exaggerated, because it suited the ruling class to promote rearmament on a great scale, as the shortest way out of the slump. The belief had to be engendered that England was wholly unready for war, and would be so for four years to come. There was, of course, a substratum of truth in this uncomfortable discovery, but while the experts may have been right about the tanks and the airplanes, they failed to take account of the deficiency of the three aggressive powers in natural resources, and their vulnerability to a blockade. That the German generals knew from sad experience; the British forgot it, perhaps because they wished to forget. Few Englishmen like to remember the starvation of Central Europe in the last years of the Great War.

From the breakdown of the disarmament conference to the present crisis in Austria, English public opinion, and in a less degree French opinion, has been paralyzed by a bad conscience. No one could defend the unilateral demilitarization of the Rhineland. Everyone knows that Austria has been the helot and martyr of the peace settlement. If strategy required the Allies to forbid her union with Germany, at a time when ninety-nine Austrians in a hundred were for it, it was insanity to allow her neighbors to ruin her with their tariffs. When in 1931 the French, with the passive consent of the British, destroyed Dr. Brüning's Austro-German Customs Union, they rendered Hitler's subsequent triumph inevitable. They demonstrated for him the truth of his thesis: that it was vain to hope for a revision of the peace treaties by peaceful persuasion.

All this, even when they are reluctant to blurt it out, is at the back of Englishmen's minds, when they acquiesce in Hitler's absorption of Austria. They know that he achieved it by a brutal and dramatic display of force. They know that Austria's Socialist workers must soon face an ever grosser oppression than they have endured under the clerical-fascist system of Dr. Schuschnigg, and that her Jewish intellectuals and the sincerer of her Catholic thinkers will share their fate. But what democracy would face war to perpetuate this mirage of an impossible independence, based as it was on a reactionary dictatorship?

This paralysis of conscience will hamper any decided British action, when in the fullness of time the Führer is ready to deal with Czechoslovakia. It is, to be sure, an honest democracy—the only democracy that now survives, east of the Rhine and the Alps. It has a better record than any other State in Europe in its handling of its alien population. None the less, its Germans and its Hungarians are not content, and there are far too many of them. They, too, were the victims of the strategical map-makers of the Paris conference. Are English boys to be slaughtered to hold down these unwilling subjects of Prague? When virtue discovers this argument, it is promptly applauded by the cruder

conservative, who is always ready to abandon other peoples to their fate, provided he retains his empire.

The politics of class cut across these reckonings and these promptings of conscience. That has been painfully evident in British policy towards Spain, and it has its weight also with the so-called "Radicals" of France, who with some honorable exceptions were not at all eager to have a "red" republic as their neighbor. It influences the attitude of the British ruling class towards China, which would enjoy greater favor in high quarters if its government were still conducting a civil war with one hand against the "reds," while it resisted the Japanese with the other. Finally, it is class-consciousness that forbids the firm consolidation of the only combination that could, by its sheer weight, without firing a shot, hold the "axis" in check. No Tory can bring himself to look at the Soviet Union as a permanent ally: at the most, in dire need, he would consider local and temporary collaboration. An inquiry was, I believe, recently addressed to Moscow, to discover whether it would join a purely hypothetical Anglo-American combination for action to restrain Japan. When Moscow enquired whether in that event England would guarantee its western frontier, the only answer was a horrified silence. The gravest consequence of this British attitude is that it holds back the French from any wholehearted adoption of their pact of mutual defense with the Soviet Union. To this day no "military conversations" have taken place to give it actuality. The Western powers remain, accordingly, a small group interested in the local defense of a fraction of a Continent—exclusive of Spain.

Last, we have to reckon with yet another complication. When the soldiers have warned the statesmen that their instrument is defective: when conscience has made cowards of them, and class has forbidden them to have any close dealings with "reds," "the City," or shall we say the City-mind, has its word to speak. For the financier every dictator is a Danae, whom he will woo with a shower of gold. He will tame a Hitler for you, domesticate a Duce and teach a Franco to eat out of his hand. Why should one oppose the brute with blood and iron, if a loan will serve as well? A school of thought has arisen in London that contemplates a new type of parasitic imperialism. Let the Japanese conquer China: the City will then finance their exploitation of her resources. It dreams of becoming a sleeping partner in the Roman Empire. It is even ready to play the usurer to Hitler at a Christian and Aryan percentage. The ripe, worldly wisdom of this school is peculiarly soothing to weak and bewildered statesmen. Let the barbarians fight it out: a wise, rich man lies back in his chair; but he will bring out his oil and his wine, when all is over, and bind up the broken limbs and rebuild the bombed cities—for a consideration and on terms.

London

H. N. BRAILSFORD

Thomas Mann and a New Humanism

THE ONLY TIME I ever saw Thomas Mann, at one of those crowded New York parties where notables are persecuted on the pretext that they are being honored, his face had the hunted look of a fugitive. For the moment, a new tray of cocktails having come into the room, he sat alone. Gray, straight, rather mountainously austere, he took advantage of the pause and permitted his facial muscles to relax. His expression (and if these lines should ever chance to come to his attention I feel sure he will understand what I mean) reminded me of the face of a man I once saw in prison, captured after months of hiding. His host, I thought, was not altogether unlike the leader of a posse: and those who were lifting their glasses might well be toasting the successful outcome of the hunt. Under the circumstances, though I was deeply anxious to pay my respects to one of the masters of my art, I could not bring myself to speak to him. I found my hat and left.

Now, however, having read the latest of Mann's writings,¹ I realize that the tired, hunted look on his face was more than weariness and party fatigue. It was the look of a man, approaching old age, who finds himself an exile and a wanderer on the earth: the look of a man who, rejecting the sentimental concept of memory, must nevertheless, since the mind cannot be reduced to a *tabula rasa*, dwell upon the past. It is significant, in this connection, that when Mann speaks of memory, in a separate essay entitled "Mass und Wert" (translated as "Standards and Values"), he quotes the aged Goethe.

"I acknowledge no memory in your sense of the word," Goethe shouted. "Whatever experience of a great, beautiful or significant nature we may have encountered must not be merely remembered nor yet pursued externally. It must, on the contrary, be woven into our personalities from the outset and become a part of our inner being. There is no past that our longing should attempt to recreate. There is only the eternally new which is formed from the expanded elements of the past. Genuine longing must always be productive, in order to create the new and the better."

Even in relation to memory, then, Thomas Mann seeks to maintain the high morality, the inflexibility of purpose, the firmness of character we have come to expect of him. His exile—like the exile of many others who share his tragedy—has given a new nobility to a word that, not very long ago, meant simply one of a group of young men and women who came to the conclusion, by a line of reasoning as curious as the

writings of Miss Gertrude Stein, that theirs was the only generation ever lost upon this earth. This little book, this "warning," is not the work of a man who finds some foreign country a happier place to live in than his own. The voice that speaks to us here is the voice of a man who loves his native place as another man might love a woman. It is the voice of a man condemned to spend his last years gnawed by a sense of inner loneliness that even the warmest hospitality of strangers cannot dispel. It is an exile's voice—an exile as Dante was an exile, Dostoevsky, Voltaire and Zola. It is the voice of the old Odysseus: and if a note of anger creeps into it, if there are undercurrents of bitterness and scorn—that, certainly, we can understand.

Thomas Mann, until recently, rarely participated in public affairs. "I was born," he tells us, "to witness in serenity rather than in martyrdom, to bring to the world a message of peace rather than to nourish hatred and bloodshed." He has been charged in certain quarters, because of this, with neo-monasticism: but so may every artist be charged. The artist, it ought to be remembered, is one who finds himself under the necessity, *biologically*, of doing his work in peace and quiet. The great cathedrals of Europe may be cited, at the risk of a debate in which I would choose to uphold the negative, as examples of "collective" art. Literature, however, like music and painting, is a lonely and individualistic affair. I do not mean to say by this, or in any way imply, that the artist can remain aloof and insulated from his time. Such an insulation as D. H. Lawrence demanded when he said, "I will not live any more in this time. I reject it," is an insulation against life itself.

"How can the poet escape?" Mann asks, "he who by nature and destiny is placed in the most exposed position of humanity." "The poet who tries to escape in the face of the human problem," he writes in the essay called "Spain," "is not only a traitor to the cause of the spirit, but a lost man."

This does not mean, however, as some persons might twist it to mean, that the poet, in order to face his destiny, must become a mere party propagandist and politician. Mann himself, explaining in "Standards and Values" why he decided to give this same name to the journal he has been editing in Zurich, dismisses the notion as abhorrent.

"At the mention of this title," he writes, "we have noticed some wry expressions that seemed to say . . . whom do you hope to attract with such a refined and academic title in an era that is dominated by the craftiest publicity methods and by the most insidious revolutionary propaganda in which everything is 'At-

¹ *Avertissement à l'Europe*, by Thomas Mann. Gallimard: Paris. Translated from the German by Rainer Biemel, with a Preface by André Gide. 6 francs.

tack,' 'Advance,' 'The New Dawn,' or triumphantly passes itself off as such?

"Well, we are convinced that soon it will be impossible to attract anyone with the trumpet blasts of deceptive triumphs and with the promises of a new tomorrow. They will become an abomination, mere objects of contempt—have indeed already become so for young and old. The vocabulary of revolution is hopelessly disgraced, compromised and reduced to the ridiculous. . . . It is a hypocritical, shoddy world to which these flashing banners summon us, emphatically the opposite of that world of quality, of distinction, of art, from which arise the word-symbols with which we defend our aspirations and our beliefs . . . these two words 'standards' and 'values.'

"Standards imply order and light, the music of Creation and of those who work creatively. They, too, have been achieved with great effort, have been wrested from chaos. They are anti-barbaric, the triumph of form, the triumph of humanity. . . . Art, above all things, belongs in the sphere of the venturesome, the daring. It forever reaches out to extremes and never lacks that 'touch of audacity' without which, according to Goethe, 'no talent is conceivable.' Art abhors the mediocre, as it abhors the cheap cliché, the trivial, the insipid and the base. . . .

"We want to be artists and anti-barbarians. We want to honor standards and defend values, love freedom and daring, despise vulgarity—despise it most and most deeply when it parades itself with rabble-rousing mendacity as revolution. In contrast to the opinion of certain social intellectuals that art is played out on this earth, that its literary futility has been demonstrated, that art is only imitative, without the capacity to change things, that it is merely a sentimental escape from struggle and responsibility, we believe, on the contrary, that art as a way of thinking and as a human conception has never been a more inspiring, a more helpful, yes, a more salutary function in life than it is today. . . . Art is intensely human, intensely humane, because it is the mediator between spirit and life, and nothing would be more erroneous than to regard its irony—the irony of all meditation—as a nihilistic escape from struggle and from human obligations."

It is from this lofty view of the artist's role—from this Alp, as it were—that Mann delivers his "Warning to Europe." Addressed primarily to the Old World, it has also meaning and significance for the New: nor do I feel that we in America can avoid its statements by saying, as André Gide says in reference to France, that the wave of barbarism that Mann sees sweeping over Europe has not yet washed over our shores. (In fairness to M. Gide, however, it must be noted that he urges his countrymen to listen attentively to what Mann says. He might have urged us as well.)

The danger that Mann sees threatening Europe—

and it is noteworthy that not once, in any of the four essays that make up his little book, does he use any of those handy words and phrases that stick out of most contemporary writing on social subjects like rusty nails—is the danger of mass-drunkenness. He enters upon his definition of mass-drunkenness by citing a quotation from an ungiven source: "Virtue sets aside her shield, the mind drops its scepter, the indestructible union of beings makes death more distant and their eternal youth gives beauty and felicity to the world."

"These words," Mann continues, "depict the dionysiac fervor of which collective drunkenness is a humiliating parody. The youth that marches in step, singing the watchwords and popular tunes, experiences a purely selfish and sterile enjoyment. . . . The end of the march is of little importance. . . . Mass-drunkenness, which relieves the individual of responsibility, is an end in itself. The ideologies which it exalts, such as the State, socialism, greatness of the country, are not essential to it. They are only pretexts. The one aim is drunkenness. One must get rid of his own self, his own thoughts—or, more precisely, of morality and reason in general."

We cannot presume, unless we are willing to reach our conclusions by the process of selective ignorance so popular in this time, that Mann is speaking *only* of Germany: that collective drunkenness, for example, means Nazi drunkenness and *not* Soviet drunkenness. To do so would be to do violence to his essential theme: to indulge in that deadly scholasticism that cannot see the real forest because of the abstract trees.

"The pleasure derived from this forgetfulness of self," Mann continues, "this loss of all personal responsibility, is exactly like that of war. When I speak of modern man, the man of our time, we are to understand the post-war European, the man who lived through the War or who grew up in the world which was born of the War. We are inclined to consider the actual state of the world, from an economic as well as a spiritual and moral viewpoint, as a result of the War. Perhaps this is an exaggeration. One cannot discount the immense ravages of the material and moral order caused by the War. That, however, is not what created our world. The War only set free, reinforced and pushed to extremes certain characteristics which previously existed. . . .

"It is sad to realize that the disorder of our times springs from the generosity of the nineteenth century. . . . The crisis which threatens to return us to barbarism has its roots in the blind generosity of this century. Ortega [Jose Ortega y Gasset] describes [in his book "The Revolt of the Masses"] the invasion of the masses into a civilization. . . . They know nothing of the infinitely complex conditions which presuppose that civilization. They do not bother themselves with it at all. The proof of this is their attitude toward liberal

democracy to which they owe everything. They hack it down while using it. It is even possible that in spite of their love for its technique, they will finally destroy it. They despise idealism and all which springs from it—that is to say, liberty and truth. . . .

"I may be refuted by the argument that the mass movement of our epoch has a heroic character and that it is invested with the humanitarianism and altruism which characterized the transformation of the world by Christianity and the French Revolution. But, as much as I admire and love heroism in its great spiritual manifestations, I cannot believe in the heroism of the little man. . . . To understand what heroism is, one must raise oneself to a moral level far beyond this philosophy which makes violence and falsehood the fundamental principles of life. . . ."

II

It would not be difficult—it would, on the contrary, be extremely easy—to take certain of these statements and rearrange them into an anti-democratic argument. That they are anti-democratic, however, I would vigorously dispute. Bitter, disillusioned, even contemptuous, yes—but not anti-democratic. Mann's position, it may be argued, is anti-collective: but so is democracy, in its fierce insistence upon individual rights, anti-collective. Those who talk about collectivism and democracy as though they were synonymous are talking nonsense: or, worse, holding to that philosophy which, as Mann says, has abolished all difference between truth and falsehood. Collectivism is one form of government, democracy another. They may be brought into some harmonious relationship—they *must*, I would say, if we in America are to escape the intolerable tyranny of either of two slavish extremes—but they can never be made identical. It is possible, furthermore, to be a democrat without believing that every revelation of the mass is divine. Those who do so are, again, reaching their conclusions by the process of selective ignorance: by that or theology. It is additionally possible to identify oneself with the mass, not because of what it is, but because of what it can be: a spiritual identification, as it were, which, as Mann says in "Spain," shares the "aspiration of the people to better conditions of life—more just, more happy, more adapted to human dignity." It is this identification, indeed, which supports the arch of Mann's doctrine: a doctrine I think may be justly described as The New Humanism.

Humanism, one of the noblest words in our language, suffers from having been preëmpted by a literary movement which was not humanistic at all. It is better thought of in its true historical connection: the banner under which a host of fine intelligences went forth to do battle, even at the risk of death, with those cobwebbed schoolmen to whom facts were merely examples of fixed abstract concepts: those cute and

cunning scholars who delighted, like some of our contemporaries, in confounding words and phrases with the objective reality of the things denoted by them.

The New Humanism has more dangerous antagonists than the medieval schoolmen. All humanism, moreover, as Mann wisely warns us, contains an element of weakness: a weakness that stems from "its repugnance for all fanaticism, its tolerance, its leaning toward indulgent skepticism—in short, its natural goodness. This weakness, under certain circumstances, can be fatal. What we need today is a *militant humanism, a humanism which would affirm its virility and which would be convinced that the principles of liberty, of tolerance and of free thought, must not be exploited by the fanaticism of its enemies.*" (Italics mine.)

"Has European humanism," Mann asks in conclusion, "become incapable of an uprising which would give to these principles their right of combat? If it is no longer capable of preparing itself for the battle, with a renewal of its vital forces, then it will perish—and Europe with it, whose name will be nothing but a purely geographical and historical expression."

These are thunderous words: but here in Europe, where these lines are written, there is thunder in the air. (What an ominous rumble Rumania makes, sliding down into the black barbaric pit!) Nor are our own American heavens calm and serene. We too are threatened by that fanatic "combative philosophy" which Mann believes responsible for the danger of European civilization. We too need a new and militant humanism.

Where shall we find these new humanists: those who still give the principles of liberty, of tolerance, of free thought their right of combat? Among the politicians? Among party adherents? Among cleavers to this or that "line"? It is fatal and ridiculous to think so. The poet—the man of culture—is summoned to his destiny.

"All the allurements of novelty," Mann writes in "Standards and Values," "of hope, of future and of a really joyous mobilization of the spirit is now on the side of freedom and humanity—a new and perfected humanity, still to be fought for, labored for, still to be achieved; a truth-loving, reverent humanity, just as strong in conservation as in innovation—the type of humanity which, in our firm conviction, will determine the spiritual atmosphere of tomorrow."

The New Humanists must, of necessity, concern themselves with politics: for politics and sociology are a part of life: part of the humane totality. "This totality," Mann writes, "includes both worlds, the inner and the outer, and it is especially important that the artist should not let his impulse to humanize and spiritualize the political-social world be weakened by the reproach that such an interest is unworthy of him and purely materialistic. . . . Materialism can be much

more spiritual, more idealistic and religious than any sentimental arrogance toward the material. For it does not imply being engulfed or absorbed by the material. It implies, on the contrary, the artist's purpose of pervading nature with the humane."

It is to the truth, however, especially in this era of organized lying, that the New Humanists must pledge their prime allegiance. "The problem of truth, truth in eternity and in evolution, is a problem of the most serious import. 'What is truth?' That is the question not only of the skeptical Roman man of the world, but of philosophy itself, of every critical self-conscious self." (It is also the question, Mann might have added, of science.) "If truth cannot be established for all time, if it is mutable, then the intelligent human being must be all the more deeply, conscientiously and sensitively concerned about it."

There are those among us who weep that these are catastrophic times: rendering the artist paralyzed and impotent. Could anything be more cowardly: this freezing in the face of danger? What would these unhappy moaners have? Would they seek a refuge outside of time and space? Would they rock like seaweed on a slow and sluggish tide? That these are dangerous times, mined with peril, no one would deny. Let us face the danger then—and he who does not know in which direction danger lies, he who has not learned the lesson of the last decade, he, indeed, is lost. The artist, in this time, is called upon to play a great, even a heroic, role. Thomas Mann—with dignity, with pride, with simplicity—has shown us how that call may be answered. I would be proud, if for that alone, to do him homage.

HAMILTON BASSO

The Big Railway Smash J.M.D.

WITH SOME of the merciless qualities of an avalanche, the railways of the United States move into a crisis. About one-third of the mileage is in virtual bankruptcy and another third is on the verge of grave difficulties. At last the Roosevelt administration has recognized the gravity of the situation and called a conference of experts on the subject. Whether this is just another White House conference on "business conditions" remains to be determined.

Meanwhile the Senate committee has been proceeding with its inquiry into railway financing and manipulation. With the aid of an able staff, Senator Wheeler has developed information of the highest value for any legislative program that may lie ahead. He has exposed irregularities and practices that have shocked the public (to speak mildly) and has already brought about some long needed reforms in Stock Exchange practices. He has revealed a large part of the anatomy of the railway business, especially on the side of financing, and has disclosed manipulations of railway interests by bankers and plungers only remotely concerned with the business of efficient transportation. The value of this work can scarcely be overestimated. It is, however, only preliminary to constructive action and the public has a right to expect from Senator Wheeler the same kind of fearless leadership in devising remedial legislation that he has displayed on other occasions.

That leadership will be beset by difficulties, no doubt. The railways are entangled in a network of traditions, special interests, speculative activities, political concerns and bureaucratic ineptitudes. On both sides, private and public, there have been historic wrongs that awaken resentments and bad temper. Men who discuss the subject employ phrases, catchwords, cuss-words and clichés that embitter debate without

clarifying the issues of transportation. But if we are ever to have constructive action, angry resentments and tyrannical phrases must be put aside and the railway problem must be squarely faced as a problem in efficient transportation on a national scale.

When we turn to constructive action, what possibilities come before us? A number of them may be swiftly summarized: (1) minor legislation bearing on bankruptcy, financing and holding companies, based on the assumption that all or nearly all the existing companies are to be permitted to maintain their identity and get along some way—perhaps from reorganization to reorganization; (2) consolidation into four or five systems under private corporations or under semi-public corporations with government representation; (3) consolidation into one national system under a private corporation or a semi-public corporation with government representation; (4) government ownership, either bureaucratic or under an operating corporation freed from the ordinary administrative hierarchy.

The proposal to favor the continuance of the existing number of railways (or most of them) and to make minor changes in the laws respecting financing and holding companies is supported by a respectable and powerful body of citizens, as well as by the private interests that profit from the confusion and alleged competition. These citizens, in the main, belong to the school of trust-busters. They are afraid of bigness. They contend that man's ability in management is about limited to corner stores, village smithies, small concerns and single undertakings. Their influence at the White House is weighty, and they can readily work up a national furor against great corporations, economic royalists and "the Napoleons of railway consolidation." The fact that fifty years of trust busting,

harassing legislation, prosecutions and investigations have brought us into the present plight has no effect upon their thinking or upon their resolve to block any heroic action on a national scale, at least until a ruinous collapse of the whole railway system precipitates an inescapable crisis. The prospects for any effective treatment of the railway confusion are therefore slight.

Nevertheless some possibilities are open. Senator Wheeler has it in his power to turn his inquiry to constructive purposes. Indeed he has already announced his resolve to do this very thing. If he would have his experts work out the various plans looking to consolidation on a large scale, then summon the most competent railway specialists, and concentrate his splendid powers of inquiry upon the ways and means of effecting consolidation, the Senator could develop a body of knowledge and opinion that would serve as a basis for far-reaching legislation.

It is true that powerful interests are supporting consolidation. It is true that representatives of some of these interests have been augmenting their private fortunes while nominally speaking for institutions and the public. But it is also true that a large part of the waste and corruption that have accompanied the history of railways has been due to the effort of Congress to maintain a false competition and to obstruct consolidation under private concerns. Some of our railway Napoleons have been buccaneers, but others have grasped the national character of transportation and sought to move toward the efficiency of unification. It is not necessary to choose between village blacksmiths

and buccaneers. It is possible to effect consolidation without resorting to the methods of buccaneers.

For illumination on this problem we may profitably turn to British experience. Great Britain long endured the anarchy of numerous companies and cutthroat methods. At last, when this anarchy had culminated in almost complete ruin, the British government stepped in, forced consolidations, and established government control over the unified systems (Railway Act of 1921). Now American experts who have studied British experience do not maintain that the result has been utopian, but the best evidence seems to be to the effect that great gains have been made through consolidation. Besides, the British have taken decided steps toward the unification and coördination of all transportation, from which Americans can draw lessons. For example, the British have discovered that it is curious economy to tax railways for the purpose of building parallel highways that destroy railway business. The British have also learned that railways, highways, waterways and airways are all part of one system of transportation and that intelligent management must take them all into account and shape policy with reference to the most efficient.

Certainly all this puts a strain on the minds of men who long for a return to the days of the village smithy and corner store. But consolidation and coördination will come. The only question left is: When and by what methods? Senator Wheeler has it in his power to bring the best and most disinterested intelligence in America to bear on that question. CHARLES A. BEARD

Seamen and the Law

OUR SHIPS are infested with thugs, thieves, gangsters, dope-runners, drunkards and racketeers of all descriptions." Thus spoke Captain X of ship "Y" at Senator Copeland's closed hearings on legislation to amend the 1936 Merchant Marine Act. Furthermore, the American seamen, since the formation of the National Maritime Union, have begun to spit on the mirrors of their washrooms, demand ice-cream freezers, preach unionism to the passengers, molest "refined elderly ladies," throw live monkeys overboard, strike for eggs and milk and read Communist literature.

This was mere parlor talk, however, in comparison to the charges of irresponsibility and insubordination that were splashed across the papers as a prelude to the Maritime Commission's report and the Senate hearings. Just before the report the crew of the "Algic" received mutiny convictions for refusing to work with scab longshoremen; the crew of the "Black Falcon," a Black Diamond Line freighter, were accused by one Daniel Irwin, consultant to several petroleum com-

panies in New York City, of running berserk, tossing cargo overboard and steering the ship off her course. Most scandalous of all was the case of the "President Hoover," which ran on a reef at the tip of Formosa during the monsoon season, when the wind blows sheer from one direction. Within nine hours the crew—drunk and insubordinate—took some 500 people safely ashore. Settled on the island, the sailors drank, shouted, and annoyed the ladies all night long.

What are the facts in these cases? The story of the "Algic," already a *cause célèbre*, need not be repeated. As for the "Black Falcon," she was hitting green water in the North Sea and the captain ordered his men to jettison some empty barrels. The crew risked their lives to carry out these orders and the ship was turned slightly off her course to help them. Captain Carver said that he had "the finest crew . . . in several voyages."

The story of the "President Hoover" is yet to be told. It takes a skilled crew to lower a lifeboat into heavy seas. The seamen's pay stopped when they ran

aground. Yet they carried the passengers ashore, fed them and gave them all the available blankets. Many of the passengers were drunk; no doubt several sailors had a pick-up. "We weren't in any mood to go on any drunks," said Harry Finch, water-tender and union delegate on the "Hoover," "anyone ought to know that. You go down in that engine room and watch those boilers jumping around for four hours and see if that's a picnic. It was perfectly natural when the men had been under such a strain to throw the bar open and let them have a drink around." All the passengers were given safe berths inside the natives' coral houses; most of the crew slept out in the cold rainy night under hedges or in pigsties. If some of the sailors sang and shouted, most of the passengers demanded the amenities of city life on a barren island. Expecting to be praised, the seamen found themselves homeward bound in the foul baggage hold of the "President Pierce," and upon arrival met nothing but contempt and abuse. As one sailor said: "Oh, this is the life of Riley all right—shipwreck, false charges, three weeks of steerage and out of work."

There are two seamen's unions: on the West Coast the independent Sailors' Union of the Pacific, whose 8,000 members are led by Harry Lundeborg; on the East Coast and lakes the CIO's National Maritime Union, hardly a year old, with 50,000 members headed by Joe Curran. Until the advent of the National Maritime Union, conditions on American ships were appalling. The union has shortened hours, raised wages and made considerable improvements in living conditions. Considerable improvements mean nothing more than war on vermin, clean sheets, extra sinks and fairly nourishing food. The average foc's'le is crowded, unlit and unventilated, and very little can be done for the crew on most American ships until the old tubs are replaced by modern craft.

It is ridiculous to expect that any group of 50,000 men, whether on land or at sea, should be completely sober. But drunkenness at sea is the union's problem, and the union's remedies have been highly successful. When a man misses his watch, another replaces him, and the union must see that this substitute is paid for his overtime by the offender. Every union crew makes its own penalties for drunkenness. There are always stiff fines and sometimes indefinite suspensions from the union. This stern discipline is never mentioned by those who deplore the seamen's inebriety. No great fuss was made over drunkenness in the pre-union days. Reading Dr. Copeland's diagnosis we learn that drunkenness is a disease carried by unionism.

The charges of incompetence and bad seamanship may contain some truth. For, as Joe Curran pointed out in the Senate hearings, shipowners and discredited ISU officials during the strikes of '36 and '37 "scoured the inland towns and farms for young men

and boys with whom to man their ships. These people were given all sorts of seamen's and lifeboat certificates and placed aboard large passenger ships without warning to the traveling public. In the time that has elapsed since then these men have received some training from union members sailing the ships, and in most instances are becoming competent seamen."

Job action and irresponsibility have been enormously exaggerated in the anti-union campaign. "Quickie" strikes were necessary at first to consolidate the gains of the big strike, and to keep union fervor high, but since the union has been signing contracts the leadership has put a strong curb on unauthorized strikes.

Grievances are handled in a democratic manner. After the ship leaves port the crew elects a delegate, who presents all complaints to the chief mate. If no satisfaction is had, the delegate reports to the union's port representative, who then presents the case to the company. This delegate system, providing for unified representation from engine, deck and stewards' departments, was known to Copeland as the "soviet plan." He would like to brand it as an attempt to deprive the master of his authority. But he cannot point to any strike action that has ever occurred at sea.

The union's hiring hall has also been attacked. Before the establishment of the rotary shipping system, seamen were just picked off the waterfront, or sent out from "crimp joints." Now, if a man wishes to ship out, a record is kept of his date of application. When he comes to the top of the list he is given his pick of whatever positions are available. This is merely an efficient method of sending men out according to the length of time they have been on the beach. It does not mean that those who reach port automatically fall to the bottom of the list and must surrender their positions to the men at the top. The union encourages its members to hold their jobs. It is true that there has been a great turnover in crews, but this is understandable. Living conditions on some ships are so primitive that it is not uncommon for the majority of the crew to leave after one trip. But when organized effort makes a ship habitable, the crew remains.

Since the union shows its determination to be a well disciplined and responsible party, why are laws necessary to regulate labor conditions in the maritime industry? Why do the bills need a Hollywood ballyhoo so fantastic that even The Herald Tribune couldn't swallow it? The shipowners have paid a heavy price for attempting to crush the maritime union in a hand-to-hand fight and they are turning to the more subtle method of legislation.

Provision is made for compulsory-arbitration mechanisms copied from the Railway Labor Act. "The Maritime Commission may offer to create a mediation board without request from either of the disputing parties at any time it shall determine that a labor

emergency has arisen." Such a law would give the Maritime Commission dictatorial powers and in effect deprive the union of the right to strike. Secretary Perkins has remarked that labor relations in the maritime industry are still too immature for compulsory mediation. Compulsory mediation presupposes some kind of contractual relationship between employer and employee, and not many such relationships have been achieved by the young union. Since the NMU writes specific mediation proposals into every contract it signs, it seems superfluous, if not sinister, to create another government agency to handle maritime problems. Certainly the union can receive no benefit from mediation which can drag on endlessly. And it needs no "responsibility" imposed upon it from without; it has adhered to the letter of its contracts. "We have had nine sailings," said the president of the Black Diamond last December, "since we signed a labor agreement with the National Maritime Union. There has not been the slightest difficulty with the union or the men." It might be added that the Black Diamond has had difficulty with its confreres in the shipping industry since the signing of the contract.

In the matter of collective-bargaining elections the Copeland-Bland bill is very dangerous. It provides that the employer may demand an NLRB election. This practice would nullify the Wagner Act, at least in so far as it applies to sailors, longshoremen, teamsters, warehousemen and expressmen. Shipowners, for example, could easily pack their vessels with A. F. of L. phonies and then call for an election. Recently the Eastern Steamship Company took the "Evangeline" out of drydock, packed it with men from the A. F. of L.'s defunct ISU, sent it on a trip, had the men call for an election, and thus legally excluded the NMU. This is an isolated case, but such concealed company unionism would flourish if employers were allowed to call for elections. The NLRB has shown itself to be as efficient and impartial in the maritime industry as elsewhere, and has taken steps to adjudicate every single CIO-A. F. of L. jurisdictional dispute.

If there is anarchy in the shipping industry, the union claims that the shipowners are responsible for it. NLRB elections should be held on all ships, say union officials, including those owned by the Maritime Commission. Heretofore the Commission has dodged elections on its own ships. Furthermore, shipowners violating the Wagner Act should not get subsidies. The La Follette committee has shown that several shipping companies which get sizable subsidies spend part of that money on labor spies. A training school is of course desirable for seamen. But the NMU would have qualified union men appointed as teachers, and a regulating board of both Commission men and NMU members.

Strong CIO protest has taken wind out of the shipowners' sails. Copeland has been made to retract his

"Hoover" charges as well as his misconstruction of the rotary system, and has doubled on his trail so many times that his reputation for being well informed is seriously damaged. He is now considering certain slight alterations in the mediation program. He wants to reduce the waiting period during which the mediation board considers disputes that threaten to tie up traffic. The provisions of his bill are still very uncertain, since he is not sure how much he can put over. Garnished with a few concessions, the bill may pass the Senate, but it is doubtful whether it will ever get by the House, where Sirovich is leading the opposition.

More shameless than his misrepresentations is Copeland's recent request for \$25,000 to investigate "subversive activities" in the merchant marine and navy. He now demands the deportation of Harry Bridges, and has called as his star witness that able A. F. of L. saboteur, Joseph P. Ryan. As president of the International Longshoremen's Association, Ryan would give his right arm to get Bridges out of the country. Bridges took away Ryan's profitable business on the West Coast and stands as a symbol of everything that menaces Ryan's position today.

FELICE SWADOS

Broadcast Control Room

Soundproof cell of glass
The five senses, grafted, immersed
In a super nervous system
With omnipresent, micro-electric
Ears.

Controlled silence,
Sounds seen but not heard
Or heard but not seen.
Impenetrable silence.

A shriek hushed by a dial,
A cataclysm turned up by another.
Love and kisses, it's
All the same to the vacuum tube
Where everything flows but
Blood.

Life is fed in on a wire, just
Another pulsation to be
Controlled, rectified, purified,
Amplified, transposed, superimposed,
Doctored up with sound effects,
Clipped, cut, pepped up, perfumed,
Toned down,
Censored, sponsored,

And canned on a disc.

HOWARD HAYES

Shoot the Works

The New York Post Handicap

ONCE THERE WAS a liberal paper in New York City and now there is none. It is interesting of an evening to drop in some resort where members of the working press gather to talk shop. It has been said that the Newspaper Guild added the final Brutus touch to assassinate loyalty. Some assert that the ghost of Richard Harding Davis no longer prowls up and down Park Row. According to tradition, he sought other Gallaghers who, like the heroic office boy of his own creation, would mutter through afflicted lips, "I did it for the dear old paper."

But it is untrue to maintain that no newspaperman in these days ever speaks up for his own particular proprietor. Of late I have heard many heated arguments along these lines. Only last week I heard one reporter scream at another, "Don't you dare say that. You're a liar when you say your boss is a bigger reactionary than the man I work for."

And arguments of this kind are common. But of late these discussions have become too one-sided. The boys and girls from The New York Post are winning all the bets.

In the Red-Baiting Handicap (one mile and a furlong for colts and geldings) J. David Stern was a slow starter. He was practically left at the post. Indeed, when the barrier was sprung it seemed as if the nag was minded to bolt and run in the opposite direction. Hearst was way out in front. It looked as if he might tow-rope the field. Behind him came Ogden Reid and Roy Howard, but they were whipping.

Yet when the horses straightened out in the stretch quite a different picture was set for the crowd which watched the Red-Baiting Handicap. J. David Stern had dropped out of the clouds. He was running over other horses. And the blood of every lover of clean sport must have tingled as the patrons on the clubhouse porch took up the cry, "Come on, J. David. You can do it."

Having stayed off the early pace, J. David had something left and he was competing with men on jaded mounts. As they charged across the finish line it was evident that Stern had won by a head. A photograph will have to be taken to determine place and show positions, because you could cover Hearst, Roy Howard and Ogden Reid with a blanket. And not a bad idea at that.

By winning the Red-Baiting Handicap, J. David Stern picks up the major portion of the purse and also gets full possession for one year of the solid-gold shaving mug presented by the Jockey Club and suitably inscribed.

At this point, for the sake of convenience and simplicity, let's drop parables and metaphors and talk of publishers rather than of thoroughbreds. When Mr. Stern picked up The New York Post, for a song I hope, he got some old machinery and a paper with a circulation of not more than 40,000. He looked at the line of opposing publishers and tried to figure out an opening. Should he attempt to smash the center of the line or skirt the right end held by The Sun?

As a shrewd quarterback he found a better hole to the left. There was a gap between the liberal World-Telegram and the radical Daily Worker through which an army with banners might march, let alone a slippery broken-field runner. And so The Post became a liberal newspaper. There was circulation in it. And that's how "liberal" newspapers are born.

The readers of The Post multiplied with the rapidity of rabbits. They got a little lettuce in the form of the complete works of Charles Dickens and chromos of the old masters done in four colors including scarlet. But, personally, I always felt that the editorial page was the chief attraction. It was bold and definite and had its say even though the corns of advertisers were crunched in the process. All this was too good to be true, but as an incurable romantic I was among the fall guys. "Here," I said to myself, "is a publisher who is unafraid. This is the nearest thing to the old morning World that New York has ever seen. J. David Stern is not like other publishers. He is willing to be the lone wolf of the fraternity."

To be sure, there were a few indications, even at the beginning, that would have warned a shrewder man than myself that J. David was playing the wolf only until such time as he could be measured for sheep's clothing. He was friendly to the Guild. In fact he was the first publisher to sign a contract. Of course it is true that during the negotiations he once remarked, "I'll be tickled to death to sign a contract, but remember it mustn't cost me any money." Even so we set him down as a man of good will and there never has been a time when J. David Stern was not eager and ready to bleed subcutaneously for a fine cause.

Once in Guild negotiations an impasse was reached. The point was being argued by Mr. Stern and a Philadelphia reporter. "I'll tell you what I'll do," suggested Stern. "We'll play a game of chess and the man who wins gets his way." The Guild got the point, but at the next convention the negotiator was roundly rebuked for leaving an important principle to chance.

The culprit was outraged by this attack. "Chance!" he snorted. "You don't understand chess and you don't understand J. David Stern. How could I lose? I'm a working newspaperman and J. David is just a publisher like any other."

And that has since been demonstrated. Mr. Stern has found it possible to be Republican in Camden and Democratic in Philadelphia. He was all for trade-unionism until it took a bite at his own budget. When the CIO was a bright dream J. David Stern applauded. When it became a successful reality it scared the hell out of him. He seems to favor the sort of world peace which dignitaries in various lands profess to struggle for, but the soul of Stern was shocked when Stalin suggested that the workers of the world might have a stake in winning out against war. To J. David that was subversive and undemocratic.

And so today J. David Stern is the most tired of all the tired liberals. He wants to hit the hay and forget most of the causes he previously espoused. It is not unknown for a paper's policy to vary according to its circulation. Mr. Stern is very sleepy and yet he tosses a bit from side to side because he cannot rid his mind of the fear that under the bed there lies a Red.

HEYWOOD BROWN

Washington Notes

England's Foreign Policy—and Ours

HITLER'S DEMARCHE in Austria and Mr. Eden's resignation last week markedly chastened administration members. Most of them could only mumble: "Well, anyway, it shows we weren't the ally of Great Britain." At least two important officials echoed Senator Borah's thesis that it was the United States which drove Mr. Chamberlain into the arms of Signor Mussolini. According to this argument, the isolationist sentiment recently displayed in the hearings before the House Naval Affairs Committee convinced Mr. Chamberlain he could look for no help from America, and thus forced him to turn to Italy. The argument forms a handsome, if unexpected, tribute to the sincerity and vigor of the big-navy opponents.

As these Notes are written, Mr. Roosevelt's feeling about last week's events in Europe is still undisclosed. This department's guess is that he has had to be chiefly preoccupied with the blow dealt his popular prestige. Particularly among members of Congress, there was an immediate, spontaneous recognition that the brave words of Mr. Roosevelt's Chicago speech had been given a hollow sound. It is one thing to talk of doing a job of quarantining, and another to find your partner's girl-friend is Typhoid Mary.

Diplomatic observers profess concern lest Mr. Chamberlain's Italian conversations mar the prospects of the Anglo-American trade treaty. They point out that Mr. Roosevelt's enthusiasm for the Anglo-American treaty is of recent origin, and that it has seemed to come from the expectation that the treaty would be the start of a great crusade of the democratic powers. Now that the carrot has been removed from before his nose, observers fear he may try to lie down in the shafts.

Experienced State Department officials, it must be said, view last week's developments with great calmness. There is no indication that they plan to abandon what they conceive to be America's long-term foreign objectives, particularly in China. If the Anglo-Italian conversations continue to a successful ending—something that is by no means sure—England may be able to divert warships from the Mediterranean to Far Eastern waters, and thus be able to coöperate more effectively with this country in exerting pressure on Japan. An Anglo-Italian agreement, at least in theory, might weaken the Soviet Union diplomatically, but it would not be likely to lessen the material support it is now giving China. But the principal factor, in the view of the State Department, is still the Chinese. Since last August, when the Japanese armies first began their advance, it has been felt that no conceivable pressure by outside powers could influence Japan unless the Chinese themselves had the will to resist. It was anxiously debated whether China would hold out until spring. Since then more than six months have elapsed, the Japanese military organization is extended to its utmost, and the Chinese are still fighting bravely. It would not be safe to conclude that Mr. Roosevelt's "active" policy in the Far East has been permanently laid aside.

The Senate's conspicuous delay in confirming Mr. Robert H. Jackson as Solicitor General has been political horseplay of the meanest kind. However, it has also had a significance not apparent on the surface. It was, in a sense, a fiery cross burned on the White House lawn. It was a notice to Mr. Roosevelt that the Democratic conservatives do not intend to let his left-wing advisers, notably Mr. Thomas G. Corcoran, have any voice in the national Democratic convention to be held two years from now.

The relationship between Mr. Jackson and the 1940 convention is not far to seek. Mr. Jackson is being put forward by Mr. Corcoran and other White House left-wingers as candidate for the governorship of New York in next fall's election. As Governor, he would be a potential aspirant for the presidency, but more than that he would be the almost certain master of New York's ninety votes in the convention. These votes are the problem.

It has been widely published that Mr. Jackson's candidacy represents a bold attempt by the White House left-wingers to seize the New York Democratic organization. For the sake of accuracy, this should be corrected. It is an effort to break up what appears to be a well prepared plot by the New York Hunkers, under the leadership of Governor Lehman, to snatch the state convention away from the New Deal and Mr. Roosevelt.

Mr. Lehman, it should be said, has not yet committed an overt act. He has, indeed, once or twice muttered that his only desire was to withdraw from public life. Justly or unjustly, the White House left-wingers disbelieve him. They suspect him of a concealed, but burning, ambition to go to the Senate this fall—assuming, that is, that Senator Wagner does not stand for reelection. The left-wingers remember Mr. Lehman's repudiation of the Court plan, and are immensely anxious to keep him out of Washington.

What chiefly worries them, however, is the fear that Mr. Lehman means to continue as a power in the New York organization. They find proof of this in his bond with the gaudy and able Mr. Edward J. Flynn, boss of the Bronx. There are some who think Mr. Flynn would like to be the big boss of the 1940 convention, able to make or break candidates, and to White House left-wingers, a Lehman-Flynn alliance bodes no good. Mr. Flynn was once a deep admirer of Mr. Roosevelt, but some months ago they had a slight falling out. For this, it must be admitted, the left-wingers were themselves partly to blame. Mr. Flynn was backing Mr. Jeremiah Mahoney for mayor of New York City against Mr. LaGuardia, and had—or thought he had—the White House's promise of benevolent neutrality. In the midst of the campaign, Mr. Roosevelt swung to the support of Mr. LaGuardia, and even wrote him a warm letter of praise—which Mr. LaGuardia, certain of victory by his own unaided efforts, somewhat haughtily stuck in his pocket and declined to use. All this is supposed to have soured Mr. Flynn's devotion.

Early last fall the White House advisers thought they spied simultaneous evidences of defection on the part of Mr. Lehman and Mr. Flynn. There were then rumors that Mr. Wagner, although unwilling, would run for Governor, instead of for reelection to the Senate. This would mean that the senatorial nomination would fall to Mr. Lehman. In order to squeeze Mr. Lehman out of New York politics, and at the same time permit Mr.

Wagner to run for the Senate, it was necessary to bring forward a certified New Deal candidate for the governorship. Accordingly, Mr. Jackson's campaign was inaugurated with his anti-monopoly speech of Christmas week. New York's ninety votes are nearly one-tenth of the whole number in a Democratic convention. To let Mr. Lehman and Mr. Flynn get their fingers on them would be suicidal on the New Deal's part.

There is something more that needs to be said about the Jackson candidacy. It is understood here that Mr. Jackson has received the tacit endorsement of the American Labor Party in New York. Labor observers in Washington are inclined to think that this endorsement is a mistake. It is chivalrous of labor to rush to the rescue of the New Deal, but it is remembered here that the New Deal has not always defended organized labor—for example, in the strike in Little Steel. Observers agree that Mr. Jackson is by far the most promising candidate in sight, but as a matter of principle they feel that labor should never commit itself until it has used its bargaining power to the utmost.

Washington

T. R. B.

Other People's Money

Wall Street Foresees Inflation

IT BEGINS TO LOOK as if Wall Street were coming around to the belief, if not the hope, that inflation is threatened. It is in a mood such as touched off its antics in April, 1933. Then, because of the Thomas amendment to the AAA bill, giving Roosevelt inflationary powers, and because of the general feeling that inflation was coming, prices began to soar. It turned out, however, to be the usual shirt-elimination process, for it collapsed again in July.

For some months now the market has been staging little rallies, so that the line marking its performances looks like the edge of a huge saw. In every month since November it has had its little rally, each time dropping back. But now it is off again on rather an impulsive upward jump provoked undoubtedly by the growing expectations of inflation. It may be down again before this gets into print. But whether it is or not, certainly nothing has actually happened as yet in Washington to presage the early onset of the inflationary surge. It may come, of course, if the industrial situation grows worse. But it is not here yet.

Last year most of those very wise persons who observe Wall Street—who are almost always wrong, but continue to be as superior and arrogant in their judgments as if they were always right—were telling the world about the coming great boom. A tabulation of stock histories by the Stock Exchange now shows that in the last year, of 700 common stocks only 5 rose in price. Some stocks actually fell between 70 and 90 percent. The people who listened to these crooners of the boom doubtless lost their shirts.

Business in Wall Street makes that once glamorous spot look like the dust-bowl of the East. The price of Stock Exchange seats is at its lowest point and the prediction may yet be fulfilled that seats on the Exchange will be selling at

the cut-rate theatre ticket office. The simple truth is that there are too many brokers, too many houses down there for the business of 1938. Back in the good old days of 1928, Wall Street wisecracks were wont to speak of the farm situation as being a rather simple one—too many farmers—and they opined very complacently that perhaps a million or two of the excess farmers should pack up and go out of the farming business. Wall Street is the last stronghold of the rugged individual who believes with a passionate faith in the survival of the fittest. It should not stand aghast at the functioning of this law now that Wall Street itself is the victim. The number of brokers should be cut in half at least.

I have been down through that great valley which runs from Southern Illinois to South Texas. And everywhere I find men clinging trustingly to the hope that somehow, mysteriously, business is going to turn upward in the spring.

As you move south, the depression becomes less observable. In Illinois and Ohio the collapse of the Roosevelt boom has advanced to the point reached by the Hoover collapse at the end of 1931. It is not quite so bad yet in Missouri. In Oklahoma it is still less observable and much less so in Texas. It hasn't hit the farm yet as severely as it did in 1931.

There are, however, several important differences. First of all, the shocking banking situation of the Hoover days is not present. Banks in the last three months of 1931 failed at the rate of about 300 a month. This is not the case now, first, because most of the hopelessly weak banks have been weeded out and, second, because of the government guarantee of deposits. Next, the unemployment situation has not the dramatic and even horrifying characteristics of 1931, because the country is now committed to federal and local government relief programs.

Also merchants have shown an entirely different attitude. In 1930 and 1931 they kept on insisting to themselves that things were going to get better soon, that prosperity was just around the corner. They therefore made desperate efforts to hold up prices and realize profits on their old stocks. This time there has been a swift and general cutting of prices in order to clean out stocks, and this has been a favorable factor.

On the other side, however, there is as complete a collapse, indeed an even more complete collapse, of the capital investment forces of the country as there was in 1931. And the only thing which prevents our sweeping down with appalling swiftness into a general crisis is the stream of government spending that flows into business.

Everyone is now hoping that the housing industry will move up vigorously in the spring. It is impossible to tell what will happen on that front yet, though it looks now as if there might be a little activity. But housing construction alone will be utterly inadequate to create a revival.

The outlook at present, as far as anyone can see, is for a continuance of the lethargy in general business. It is difficult to see how it can be stopped now by anything short of a heavy government spending program.

Meantime I have heard the voices—the low, murmuring voices—of the promisers of abundance in the land. They are putting on their armor and we shall probably see them on the march by summer.

JOHN T. FLYNN

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NEW YORK

Theatre Guild Fore and Aft

"Wine of Choice," by S. N. Behrman. Guild Theatre, February 21, 1938.

I HAVE JUST SEEN AGAIN the Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne production of the Giraudoux "Amphitryon 38," adapted by Mr. S. N. Behrman. Anyone familiar with the theatre knows the tinge of hesitation that comes to us at the thought of revisiting a piece several months after its first curtain; knows only too well how the general run of productions sag and slop, all their definition, all their crispness and watchful practice gone. "Amphitryon 38," on the contrary, is even better, the Leda scene especially. This scene, in which Alkmene puts Leda and her myth to useful private purposes, is acted by Miss Fontanne and Miss King into one of the wittiest scenes in today's theatre, one of the most modern in its content and implications.

In the first performances of "Amphitryon 38" the main difficulty and setback lay in finding the key for the whole—it was in sum a question of tone. Certainly there is nothing new in the story of a god visiting a mortal woman and begetting a son who will participate in his divinity. This motif is a natural and immediate description of our experience; and all redeemer religions make use of it. The problem of its use may obviously be a ticklish one, especially in comedy. Fate so ruled that the earliest and chief model for us here is Plautus, who wrote about it with the untroubled innocence of his mob audiences. But long ago now, these waters were sadly troubled by Molière. His play, drawing out of the old Latin piece, taking, as he would say, his own where he found it, could not write itself without those inventions and changes that happen in Molière as elusively and finally as in the growing world of nature. The ancient comic situation and comic surprise of Jupiter borrowing the form of Amphitryon to win Alkmene takes on what we now call psychological significance. The human implications become so evident that the author seems almost at the point of dramatizing the enigma of personal identity. Mercury with the double personality—messenger of the gods and Sosia the man-servant—forced on him, and Jupiter as divine lover and as earthly husband, introduce matters that head straight for Pirandello and the moderns. As to whether Molière contrived to maintain a complete tone for the play, opinions—Voltaire as against Boileau for example—have differed.

It was widely noted that in the initial performances of "Amphitryon 38" there was an undeniable discrepancy in tone during the first twenty minutes of the play. The prologue was delightful, and much of the first act. The other two acts were delightful, as well as being luminous, varied and sometimes poignant. But the discrepancy in tone was there, nevertheless, and served to throw many people off, so that they neither expected nor recognized certain qualities later on. This discrepancy has been by now superbly lessened. The prologue has come down into a larger tone. The later scenes with their graver possibilities are easier and more fluent without loss either to their larger meanings or to their farcicality.

It is obvious, of course, that farce is closer to poetic drama than comedy is. The greater freedom from strict causality, the rioting, the extravagance that are permitted

to farce open the way for more of that added creation that poetry is. "Amphitryon 38" profits by the sheer fact that its basis lies in farce. Take the second act, for example. There is that dawn held back for the sake of a god's passion—the motif is from the original Greek, and is a marvel of irony and lyric glamor, not to speak of the chance it offers for stage effect. There are the breakfast scene with Jupiter as Amphitryon; the household moments that serve to underscore the theme of Alkmene's simple, passionate, human life of the earth; the Leda scene; and so on. The scope of this act—I mean as we have it in this transcription by the Lunts—is immense. There is an amazing flow and variation in qualities and in the degrees of subtlety, under-scoring, and almost slapstick. To my mind this is one of the most beautiful, profound and varied acts I have ever seen.

Meanwhile it should be recorded that a good deal of this excellence is definitely an addition to the original piece. The play itself makes no elaborate pretensions, though it has plenty of virtues.

Miss Fontanne's Alkmene remains the finest performance of her career, in its depth and variety, and in its dilation of the role. She achieves a thing rare in the theatre, either in the play or in the performance: which is to express many degrees of the serious, in emotion and idea, but keep the whole within a bath of wit. Molière could do this, which is one among divers reasons why his value is not better gauged in certain countries.

Mr. Alfred Lunt triumphs now through having finally brought the prologue and the last act unquestionably together: the Jupiter in each is the same Jupiter. His regard for human life is the same in both places; outside himself and his humor he is always throughout the play to be seen as equally untouched or frivolous. It is just that in the last act his seeing eye has been brought to bear on another plane of human life; he departs wittily magnanimous.

Hearing it the second time, I seemed to find Mr. Barlow's music even more effective. It gives an impression of beautiful tones heard within some strange unreality. A witty surprise appears, harmonies seem to spread and float and settle, as clouds do: we hear an echo fade. It seemed to me, listening to it, that it was music, elusive and imaginative, that served its purpose well.

Mr. Behrman's writing, in this "Amphitryon" version heard thus repeated, seemed for the most part to be tactful and happy. The same could not be said for a great deal of his new play, produced by the Theatre Guild. "Wine of Choice" presents an assortment from Long Island society. Binkie, a guest of long standing at one of the big houses, manages the lives of numberless people, buttering his own bread meanwhile, though doing so amiably whenever that is possible. There is not much spine, line or cogency to the play, and none too much life—much less theatre life—to the writing itself. The lay-out of character patterns is in design at least full of promise, what with the novelist on the extreme left, Binkie on the extreme, very comfortable right, the combative liberal between them, and the young lady and her egotism smeared everywhere.

Mr. Alexander Woollcott is Binkie. Through personal magnetism, a flair for the stage, and a growing technique of acting, he gives a very entertaining performance.

STARK YOUNG

The Bandwagon

"I think it is due to us that we should now recognize, more fully and generously than perhaps has been done in the past, the words of Herr Hitler about his desire to do all that is possible to maintain the peace of Europe."—*The Archbishop of Canterbury, quoted in News Review, London.*

Feature: "They Gave Him a Gun." . . . Company: Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. . . . Territory: Japan . . . Deletions: All scenes of kissing. Delete any footage which included the idea that war is not altogether glamorous and noble.—Joseph I. Breen.—*Memorandum sent out by Mr. Breen, spokesman for Catholic Church interests in Will Hays's office, quoted by Leonard Lyons in The New York Post.*

How to Win Public Enemies

The Bureau of Prisons of the United States Department of Justice has invited Simon and Schuster to bid on an order for 200 copies of Dale Carnegie's "How to Win

Friends and Influence People." The bureau plans to distribute the books to all the federal prisons, including Alcatraz, Atlanta and Leavenworth.—*From a news item in The New York Times.*

I Kiss Your Foot, Madame

Vogue reported last July that Ferragamo was designing shoes for us and said editorially: "His shoes are so caressed in the making that the finished shoe gives the definite impression of this passionate handwork."—*From a Saks advertisement in The New York Times.*

Hold 'Er, Newt

In my estimation, the recent depression that we have but partially recovered from, and which we still feel the effects of, can partly be laid to the decline in the horse and mule population in this country from 24,142,000 in 1910 to 17,151,000 horses and mules in 1933.—*Letter to the editor of The Cleveland Plain Dealer from Philip Weber of that city.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and \$1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic.—THE EDITORS.

Correspondence

Maury Maverick and the TVA

SIR: Rapid advances in science and technology call for new disciplines in the practice of democracy. The talents required for high administrative posts are increasingly difficult to find because of the widening range of knowledge and experience normally required as well as the increasingly complicated political, economic and social structure in which the public administrator functions. The delicacy of this situation must be recognized else the best of public servants will be about as vulnerable as the worst.

These thoughts are suggested by certain remarks of my highly respected friend and first-water liberal statesman, Representative Maury Maverick, in the House on February 7 while discussing the TVA.

There is little place in American public life for the too thin-skinned. I would be the last man to ask Maury to pull his punches. But when he says "Dr. Morgan and Mr. Lilienthal caterwaul in public at each other whenever they feel like it," and Dr. H. A. Morgan "has been kept in the doghouse," he discredits the level on which one of the most important struggles in American history is being fought out and serves notice on men of culture, learning and devotion as to what to expect in public life. The inaccuracy of the statements does not seem important in comparison with their tone.

Quite as distressing is the Congressman's casual and misleading discussion of the TVA power contracts. Over a quarter of a century, principally as a public official, I have been a student of power. I know the difficulties encountered by conscientious officials in obtaining data required for such a discussion as Mr. Maverick attempted. But this is a complication of the age in which we live and cannot be met by spreading misinformation. Mr. Maverick holds that the TVA has obligated

a shockingly disproportionate amount of its capacity to industries and one utility, thus presumably disabling itself from supplying the demands of municipalities and coöperatives. He says, "The TVA has contracted away for long terms . . . over 82 percent of the installed generating capacity." There is just no relation between such a conclusion and the engineering facts.

A privately operated electric company provides generating capacity only as the need for the output is assured and at times after the demand has actually developed. These companies frequently buy current from one another to postpone construction and thereby improve the use-factor and their financial gains. On the contrary, the power supply of public conservation undertakings such as the TVA—seeking a wide variety of social objectives such as soil erosion and water control, navigation and recreation—will normally be available well before the demand appears. A competent public administrator will do everything in his power to put this excess current to work—through both short-term contracts and cancellation provisions, holding himself ready to meet any public demand as it develops. Apparently the TVA has done just this. Every move made is on the basis of a continuing surplus of power available for every conceivable public purpose.

The claim that as to rates the TVA discriminates in favor of private and quasi-public agencies is obviously based on a failure to recognize the difference in salability between firm or constant power and that which is available only part time.

Mr. Maverick holds that the contract with Arkansas Power and Light "did not contain provisions for regulation of resale rates." As the sale was for an amount of power which represents only from 6 percent to 25 percent of the company's total requirements, and as the arrangement is looked upon by both parties as a temporary expedient—the contract is terminable in five years—one would not expect it to be used as the agency

of widespread rate regulation. The company does agree to give its customers the benefit of all it saves through the TVA purchase and further saves the TVA a large outlay for transmission lines by guaranteeing stand-by service at Memphis. It is more than debatable whether it is possible to draw a contract between the TVA and any *privately* operated electric utility fixing resale rates to ultimate consumers which would be legally enforceable in view of our system of state regulation. Hence the "yardstick"! This means local and intrastate interest eventuating in municipal or coöperative enterprises.

MORRIS L. COOKE

Philadelphia, Pa.

SIR: Re: Morri (pronounced Maury) Cooke, compliments returned and doubled; he was one of the best administrators in Washington. But the TVA desperately needs criticism by its good friends.

The industrial contracts were for too much power, and too long; the one with Arkansas Power and Light, unfair to the consumer, was in my opinion illegal, and in direct violation of policies laid down by federal law.

I charged Dave Lilienthal with (1) extreme arrogance, or (2) undue shyness; he is not frank. Either we Congressmen are more desperately ignorant than I can believe, or none of the TVA-ers have troubled themselves to enlighten us.

The directors of the TVA are able, honest, conscientious, but they *do* caterwaul in public. And since Mr. Cooke implies that such a charge by me is undignified, let us all caterwaul loudly (this is a democracy) and find out what the fuss is about.

I think I am right. But, right or wrong, the TVA is the greatest thing in America. Anything I can do to promote the project, I will do. But criticize her I will, when I think she is wrong.

Washington, D. C.

MAURY MAVERICK, M.C.

A Protest to The Times

SIR: Enclosed is a copy of a letter which was refused publication by The New York Times.

New York City

HAROLD L. ORAM

[ENCLOSURE]

New York, N. Y.

February 17, 1938

Editor, New York Times

New York, N. Y.

Sir:

The undersigned journalists and writers, who have traveled in Spain since the outbreak of the Fascist rebellion, strongly protest against the biased, tendentious and propagandistic articles of Mr. Ellery Sedgwick, editor of The Atlantic Monthly, which were syndicated by the North American Newspaper Alliance and have appeared in The New York Times of February 13 and 15.

We wish to point out that on December 16, 1937, Dr. Walter B. Cannon of the Harvard Medical School, co-chairman of the Medical Bureau and North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy, wrote to Mr. Sedgwick suggesting that he approach Ambassador de los Rios of the Spanish Republic for "a letter which would provide a cordial reception from the Spanish government," and thus facilitate Mr. Sedgwick's investigation on both sides of the battle lines. . . .

In rebuffing Dr. Cannon's cordial suggestion in his letter of December 17, 1937, Mr. Sedgwick wrote:

"A correspondent who is sending in reports from either side of the Spanish Civil War becomes thereby persona non grata on the other side of the fence. To guard against unfairness, the syndicate for which I plan to write had given me credentials

to the Nationalists, while it has made arrangements with Mr. Ernest Hemingway to report the news of the Loyalists."

This is indeed a strange view of journalism which refuses to visit and report on both sides of the lines under the assumption that such a course will "guard against unfairness." As practising newspaper men and professional writers we wish to point out that such an offer would never have been rejected by any one of us. Mr. Sedgwick's attitude has guaranteed the very "unfairness" he presumably wished to guard against.

Another commentary on Mr. Sedgwick's jealously guarded fairness is furnished by an Associated Press dispatch of December 17, 1937, in which it was reported that W. Cameron Forbes, former Ambassador to Japan, and Mr. Sedgwick were going to Fascist Spain "at the invitation of the Franco government," with the guarantee of "certain privileges" from Franco. In the same story, an agent of the Franco government in New York was quoted as stating that he expected Mr. Sedgwick to write articles showing "how the country has been benefited by General Franco's rule."

In view of the above, the unfortunate conclusion is forced upon the undersigned that Mr. Sedgwick went to Spain already committed to Franco and returns a fascist apologist.

Very truly yours,

MALCOLM COWLEY, JOHN LANGDON-DAVIES, LILLIAN
HELLMAN, GEORGE SELDES, JAMES WATERMAN
WISE, RICHARD WATTS JR., H. V. KALTENBORN.

A Popular History of the CIO

SIR: In Robert Cantwell's article "The Communists and the CIO" in your issue of February 23, he makes the following statement: "There is no popular history of the CIO." As the editors of The New Republic reprinted the last chapter of J. Raymond Walsh's book "CIO: Industrial Unionism in Action," they will perhaps permit its publisher to take exception to the aforementioned statement of Mr. Cantwell's, and also to report the receipt only this week of the following letter from John L. Lewis who ought also perhaps to be permitted an exception. Mr. Lewis' letter reads:

"I have read 'CIO: Industrial Unionism in Action' with a great deal of interest. I believe it to be a scholarly analysis of the situation confronting the founders of the CIO at its reception and a practical study of the growth of the CIO during the past two years. I am sure that any person desirous of information with respect to the labor movement in America today will do well to consult this book."

New York City

W. W. NORTON

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Edward Friendly of New York City writes in support of Representative J. J. O'Connell's "Peace Act," which would amend the Neutrality Act and give power to the President to name "aggressor" nations and place a ban on shipments of arms, munitions or implements of war to them. It would be unlawful to extend credit to aggressor nations or for American vessels to carry war materials to them. Mr. Friendly says "it is desirable and necessary to make a distinction between the aggressor power and the victims of such aggression. . . . I therefore urge all readers to communicate with Representative McReynolds of the House Foreign Affairs Committee urging him to approve a public hearing on the Peace Act." . . . E. A. Foster, director of the Division of Forestry of the Minnesota Department of Conservation, St. Paul, reports that the nation's most critical social problems are localized in the Appalachian, Ozark, southern Piney Woods and the Lake States forest regions. "The chief reason for bad conditions is a shortage of jobs to supplement part-time farming. . . . Relating the management of the

existing forests to the needs of the local people, plus public work in building back depleted forests, might provide a large part of the employment needed."

Burrill Freedman, executive secretary of the Citizens' Committee for Support of WPA, 10 Monroe Street, New York City, sends an announcement of a conference that may be of interest to readers in the New York area. "The Amelioration of Human Needs Through Useful Public Projects" is its subject, and it will bring together authorities in medicine, education, economics, music and the arts on Sunday, March 6 at 2 P.M., the Russell Sage Foundation Building, 130 East Twenty-second Street, New York City.

Donald Henderson, general president of the United Cannery, Agricultural, Packing and Allied Workers of America, 50 Rust Building, Washington, D. C., sends us news of the strike of 5,000 pecan shellers in San Antonio, Texas, which has been in force for over three weeks—the longest agricultural strike in the history of the United States. He reports that the city administration is doing everything in its power to break the strike; that funds are urgently needed by the union, one of the newest in the CIO, which has not had time to build up an adequate strike fund. Contributions should be sent to the Washington headquarters.

Mrs. Edwin O. Jordan of Chicago is grieved at The New Republic's dismissal of Mr. Van Zeeland's report with "one short, damning paragraph" (February 9). . . . George N. Falconer of Grand Junction, Colorado, who is not at all ashamed of being distantly related to "apes," thinks Heywood Brown's column "Are We Apes or Civilized?" (February 16) "is the finest thing I have read in many moons." . . . Edwin S. Potter of Washington, D. C., outlines a proposal to rid the news-column reports of their bias, their perversions and suppressions of fact. He would have set up "a non-partisan board composed of trained newspapermen empowered to supervise and control the factual basis of existing and duly organized news services . . . a quasi-judicial organization with long terms of service and adequate salaries. . . . Such a regulation of the factual news services could not be regarded . . . as a denial of the constitutional liberty of the press. . . . Opinion would have the utmost freedom of expression."

What's on the Air?

Dr. William E. Dodd, former United States Ambassador to Berlin, speaks on "The Dilemma of Modern Civilization," Saturday, March 5, 3 P.M., CBS, NBC-Red Network.

Dr. Harry F. Ward, national chairman of the American League for Peace and Democracy, talks on "Can We Avoid War?" Wednesday, March 9, 10:45 P.M., CBS.

Representatives Emanuel Cellar and John McCormack discuss "The McCormack Bill," Saturday, March 12, 10:45 P.M., CBS.

Musical and dramatic programs of the week include a concert by Mlle. Nadia Boulanger, Saturday, March 5, 10:30 P.M., NBC-Red Network; the Metropolitan Opera Company presents Verdi's "Rigoletto," Saturday, March 5, 1:55 P.M., NBC-Blue Network; a dramatization of "God's Angry Man," by Leonard Ehrlich, Saturday, March 5, 9:30 P.M., WABC; a dramatization of "The Unvanquished," by William Faulkner, Saturday, March 5, 8:30 P.M., NBC-Blue Network; the last in the series of NBC Symphony concerts conducted by Arturo Toscanini, Saturday, March 5, 10 P.M., NBC-Red and Blue Networks; the Philharmonic-Symphony Society of New York, Sunday, March 6, 3 P.M., CBS; the Philadelphia Orchestra, Monday, March 7, 9 P.M. NBC-Blue Network; and a dramatization of "Thy Son Belongs to Sparta," by Edward Carder, Thursday, March 10, 11:15 P.M., Mutual.

All times given are Eastern Standard Time.

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Midwinter Book Section

Tattered Banners

THERE ARE TWO FAULKNERS—at least to me there are two: the one who stayed down South and the one who went to war in France and mixed with foreigners and aviators; that is, the Faulkner of the Sartoris saga (and the countless other savagely and tenderly chronicled documents of the South) and the Faulkner who wrote “Turn About,” for instance, and “All the Dead Pilots” and “Pylon” with no perceptible cooling of that hot devotion to man’s courage although the speech, the history, the conflict were no longer his strict heritage. I believe these two separate Faulknors (separated more by a native shyness of the foreigner than any variance in ideology or technique) possess between them the strength and the vulnerability which belong only to the greatest artists: the incalculable emotional wealth, the racy comic sense, the fury to reproduce exactly not the recognizable picture but the unmistakable experience, the thirst for articulation as well as the curiosity and the vocabulary—that rarity—to quench it. The weaknesses there are, the errors, the occasionally strained effects, are accomplished by the same fearless, gifted hand.

It is not difficult to reconcile the two Faulknors; perhaps as simple as recognizing that a man is a good host or a good guest, but rarely both. On his own ground Faulkner is explicit, easy, sure; on someone else’s he is a little awed, a little awkward, provincially aware of the chances he is taking. But I believe it is in the willingness to take these risks that Faulkner’s whole future lies. That “The Unvanquished”¹ happens to be one more chapter in the Sartoris saga is no valid description of it, nor that it is a book about the Civil War—a Civil War in which the issue of black and white is lost in the wider issue not of justice and tyranny, subjection and freedom, or even sin and virtue, but merely of life and death. For one who loves Faulkner’s work and has followed it closely and impatiently, the difficulty lies in isolating this book or any book from the others and trying to say this or that of it: his genius is not this book or perhaps any given book but resides in that entire determined collection of volumes which reveal him to be the most absorbing writer of our time.

On the face of it, this book is the story of an old lady whose home has been razed by Yankees and who sets out across the country, first driving two mules and then, when these are confiscated, two horses, wearing a borrowed hat on her head and holding over it a borrowed parasol. It is told in her grandson’s words, at the outset a boy of twelve who goes with her on that imperiously reckless adventure which leads toward Jordan, toward her career of racketeering and, like any Chicago gangster’s, toward atrocious death; a boy who in the twelve years covered by the story matures first in emotion, then in conviction, and finally in

act. “Ringo and I had been born in the same month,” he says of the Negro boy who is their sole companion on the drive toward retribution, “and had both been fed at the same breast and had slept together and eaten together for so long that Ringo called Granny ‘Granny’ just like I did until maybe he wasn’t a nigger any more or maybe I wasn’t a white boy any more, the two of us neither, not even people any longer. . . .” And toward the end of the book when they are both twenty-four, he says of Ringo in a man’s language then: “He was sitting quietly in a chair beside the cold stove, spent-looking too who had ridden forty miles (at one time, either in Jefferson or when he was alone at last on the road somewhere, he had cried; dust was now caked and dried in the tear-channels on his face) and would ride forty more yet would not eat, looking up at me a little red-eyed with weariness (or maybe it was more than just weariness and so I would never catch up with him). . . .” This process of development, subtly, heedfully, skillfully accomplished through the seemingly inevitable metamorphosis of speech makes the book a record not only of an individual’s but a nation’s, possibly a civilization’s progression from violence to a passive and still undefinable bewilderment.

Elsewhere, the movement of that other group, the march of the liberated Negroes toward Jordan, starts like a whisper in the book, becomes “a kind of panting murmur” as they pass in the night, and swells to “women and children singing and chanting and trying to get to that unfinished bridge or even down into the water itself, and the cavalry beating them back with sword scabbards. . . . They just pass here without food or anything, exactly as they rose up from whatever they were doing when the spirit or the voice . . . told them to go. . . . Going to cross Jordan. . . .”

It is, then, the sentimental and glamorous story of one old lady who set out to find and ask a Yankee Colonel to return to her a chest of family silver tied with hemp rope, two darkies, Loosh and Philadelphia, and the two confiscated mules, “Old Hundred” and “Tinney”; and like a single and undaunted fife still playing, it is as well the essence of that war, a thing as intrinsically and nationally and gallantly the South’s as the revolution is France’s and the rebellion Ireland’s: become now a legend, almost a fable of tattered banners, makeshift uniforms, incredible courage and inhuman ferocity. It has those weaknesses which can be found throughout Faulkner’s work: the full-length portraits which abruptly become caricatures not likenesses of the living, the “ladies” without face or substance, the repetitions, the maudlin lapses, the shameless voice of the evangelist declaiming in solemn, flowery passages. But it has that fabulous, that wondrous, fluxing power which nothing Faulkner touches is ever without. The word for it may be glamor or may be sentiment, but both these words are mutable and I have used them here without contempt, applying them in their best sense as attributes to fact. They can confuse, they can disguise, but they can as well bring

¹ The Unvanquished, by William Faulkner. New York: Random House. \$2.50.

to the familiar a heightened, an isolated and a therefore truer legibility. They were elements in that electric atmosphere and mystic climate in which Poe's men and women lived and have survived and they are a vital part of Faulkner's quicker, more comprehensive world. Faulkner and Poe, set far enough apart in time, are strangely kin: unique in our history in their immunity to literary fashion, alike in their fanatical obsession with the unutterable depths of mankind's vice and even more with his divinity.

If writing remain one of the Arts—with a capital A and be damned to the current mode of splitting it two ways in a poem or a fresco on a wall—if its sensitive execution still demand the heart and the endurance which have kept artists lying prone on scaffoldings painting year in, year out, and if its success depend on its acceptance as convincing tragedy or comedy, then it can quite simply be said of Faulkner that he is the rare, the curious, the almost ludicrously authentic thing. In this book, as in his others, he writes with that "fierce desire of perfection" which contemporaries said Michelangelo evidenced when "flinging himself on the material of marble," vehemently seeking expression for "the human elements of fervor and tenderness."

KAY BOYLE

Marx on the Civil War

The Civil War in the United States, by Karl Marx and Frederick Engels. New York: International Publishers. 360 pages. \$3.

HISTORIANS WILL REGRET that Karl Marx's attention was diverted so that after December, 1862, he lost close touch with the day-to-day progress of the American Civil War. For what we have in his writings on that subject, all incorporated in the present volume, is only a fragment: one of those giant and rough-hewn monuments, magnificent in outline, its intention clearly revealed, which, however, has never been completed, so that one can only wonder how the details would have been worked out by a master hand.

"The Civil War in the United States" is a miscellany. It is made up of a group of seven articles written for *The New York Tribune* from September 18, 1861, to January 11, 1862; another group of thirty-five articles written for the *Vienna Presse* from October 20, 1861, to December 4, 1862; and, finally, a collection of letters exchanged between Marx and his friend and collaborator Engels. It will be noted that the letters written during 1861 and 1862 fill forty pages of the volume; while those written during 1863-66 fill only fourteen pages. As an appendix, there are printed the two addresses (written by Marx) of the International Working Men's Association to Lincoln and Johnson with Minister Adams' reply to the first. At the beginning of the volume there is an introduction and at the end a collection of reference notes and a biographical index by a pseudonymous editor calling himself Richard Enmale.

Karl Marx really began his close contacts with the American scene when he engaged to write a London letter for *The New York Tribune* in 1851. At that time *The Tribune* was the personal organ of Horace Greeley, who represented, within himself, all those forces which subsequently were to find expression in the Republican Party.

Greeley was an Abolitionist and a champion of the North-western free farmers, in particular of the German immigrants who had moved out to Ohio, Missouri and Wisconsin; above all, he was the spokesman for the nascent industrial capitalist class of the North (and, as such, while pretending to be a friend of the worker he was really the foe of organized labor).

After the Civil War broke out, Greeley quickly became the journalist leader of that faction in the Republican Party which subsequently was to be called the Radical Republicans. That Marx should have mastered so many concise facts about this aspect of American political development therefore is no mystery. He read *The Tribune* (and the occasional pieces reprinted in it from similar left Republican and later Radical Republican journals, like *The Chicago Tribune*, *The Cincinnati Gazette* and *The Missouri Democrat*): he read, that is to say, intelligently, at the same time refining the materials through the more sensitive instrument of the dialectic.

Hence, to Karl Marx, once the Civil War broke out, it was the greatest event contemporaneously occurring. That he saw parallels between it and the French Revolution is apparent from the many random citations to show how French revolutionary figures deported themselves in a similar crisis. In essence, in both France and America, the common foe was landlordism. In France, landlordism, in control of the state, had been buttressed by the decaying feudal privileges. In America, landlordism, also in control of the state, was linked with Negro chattel slavery. In both situations, the commercial and industrial bourgeoisie really could not be free until the economic controls of landlordism had been shaken off and state power seized.

To both these movements Marx gave his fullest support, the one historically, the other contemporaneously. Who were his heroes in the French Revolution? Obviously, the left wing of the bourgeois host, the Jacobins, who during 1792-94 devoted all their energies (using the instrument of revolutionary terror) to the life-and-death struggle against the enemy without, the class foes within, and to the strengthening of the arm of the great agricultural masses (through the division of the lands) for the purpose of fulfilling the mission of the revolution. Where was the proletariat? There was next to none. In view of the fact that the proletariat represented only a minute segment of the laboring population of France in the 1790's, Marx justly was able to characterize the efforts of the Babouvists in their behalf as abortive.

What was Marx's analysis of the American Civil War in class terms? His deep perception of the processes of history gave him a clearer understanding of the significance of the war than its American participants had. To Marx, the successful outcome of the Civil War was simply the prologue to an even greater drama: the struggle between a free laboring class (no longer held down and terrorized by the threat of slave competition) and an emancipated commercial and industrial bourgeoisie (no longer restrained by the backward economy and polity of a dominant landlordism). What I am saying is, Marx saw the Civil War with the eyes of the left and later Radical Republicans (the American "Jacobins") but he also saw farther: that is, he was an Abolitionist with them; and he counseled the use of revolutionary terror with them (for their defiance

of the Constitution was that); but he was also looking to the revolutionary participation and leadership of the working class. In short, in this case, much as he approved of the tactics of the American "Jacobins," he saw the Civil War being won by and for the workers. The American Civil War, he must have felt, was a stage in advance of the French Revolution.

Marx was misled, of course. For the American masses did not rise up in 1863 or later. And after 1866, indeed, their role in the Reconstruction period was confused; even organized labor never wholly separated itself from the petty-bourgeois wing of the triumphant bourgeois class.

Where were the workers in the American Civil War? Can it be that their class status was as insignificant as that urban proletariat in Paris which the Babouvists had tried to stir up? For the role of the workers was not the heroic one which the editor of this volume, sensing the problem Marx and Engels were struggling with, seeks to paint. First, they did not appear in the Civil War as an independent party with class demands. Second, they did not even have representation within the ranks of the Republican Party and we find no fraction here comparable to the Hébertists among the French Jacobins. Third, rather than supporting the war, they opposed it at the beginning, gave it sullen support throughout, and rejected its ideological purposes. They fought conscription; they refused to reenlist; they would not buy war loans; they deserted in large numbers; and they engaged in savage riots against the war in many American cities, in the New York area in particular the victims being Negroes.

It is because of these elements in the picture that one regrets Marx's inability to have continued as a close observer. Certainly, he would not have fallen into the error of his current editor who maintains that the "working class as a whole came to the defense of the Union." Certainly, he never possibly could have said: "The revolution during the Civil War was essentially the work of a broad and progressive coalition of wage-earners and farmers who after four years of bitter struggle crushed the counter-revolution. . . ." Had Marx been in a position to follow the events of 1863-65 as he had followed those of the preceding years, it would have struck him more and more that the Radical Republicans were using the same political tactics to win the war that the Jacobins had—that is to say, revolutionary terror. Note the Confiscation Acts of 1861 and 1862 and compare them with Robespierre's termination of the feudal services and obligations without compensation. Note Stevens' and Julian's impatience with constitutionality and the setting up of the Congressional Committee on the Conduct of the War and compare that with the Jacobin suspension of the Constitution of 1793 and the rule by committees. Note Stevens' and Sumner's plans for the division of Southern estates among the Negroes and compare that with Robespierre's decrees of Ventôse, which had a similar intention. Note the ousting of the Girondists and compare that with the conspiracies in 1864 to drop Lincoln, name an independent candidate and make a desperate bid for power under a radical program. The parallel is too striking for a keen observer not to have caught it and marveled over it. The lesson too was the same: that both struggles were won by the use of the same political methods.

LOUIS M. HACKER

Civil War Movie

Action at Aquila, by Hervey Allen. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.50.

BY THE AUTHOR of "Anthony Adverse." Advance sale, 102,500 copies three weeks before publication.

About half of "Action at Aquila" is written with honest warmth and can be read without the feeling of being bamboozled by the author. The book as a whole is a Civil War novel of the old threadbare pattern; it is distinguished chiefly by its size, which is moderate instead of megatherian. But the better half of it has only an indirect connection with the war: it is the story of Colonel Franklin's ride across Pennsylvania during the last three weeks of a long furlough. Very little happens until he turns southward toward the Valley of Virginia. It is the autumn of 1864; the pumpkins are bright yellow among the corn shocks; a blue haze lies over the mountains; the farmers, short-handed because of the draft, are getting in their crops and talking politics. But this is the Colonel's native state—it is Hervey Allen's too—and they make us share their admiration for the Pennsylvania landscape. Listening to the farmers, we understand their attitude toward this war in which Pennsylvania played so big a part. Says a local politician to the Colonel, "Well, sir, when the rebels first poured into this town I couldn't believe it. . . . They seemed to have come out of the past. It wasn't that they were in Pennsylvania that was so astonishing. It was that they were in the present. Talk, clothes, manners, the way they acted was, well, it was colonial! . . . After we saw 'em we knew they couldn't win." That is an honest Pennsylvania sentiment.

But Hervey Allen is one of those novelists who ought to stay on his own side of the Mason-Dixon line. As soon as his hero reaches the Shenandoah Valley and comes face to face with Southern ladies gallantly suffering for their Lost Cause, the story becomes as flat and unconvincing as theatrical scenery in a warehouse. I don't know the reasons for this utter collapse. A possible explanation is that Mr. Allen simply doesn't believe in the Civil War; he has read all the books, but he can't grasp it emotionally. That sane and conscientious Americans should have slaughtered one another by the hundreds of thousands seems to him so wild an aberration that his reason rejects it.

At this point the Southern novelists have a great advantage over their colleagues in the North. They know that the Civil War was a real struggle over real issues, leading to a real defeat for their own side; that's why their characters are likely to be convincing, no matter how much we disagree with their ideas. But Northern novelists are often so full of forgivingness and forgetfulness that they can't convince themselves, let alone their readers. Mr. Allen seems to regard the war as a spectacle, a gorgeous nightmare of flashing sabers, waving pennons, tears, courage and battlefields where wounded Yanks embrace Johnny Rebs before dying and being shrouded with the softly falling snow. It is too meaningless and touching for words. A dead Confederate major in full uniform is covered with a shot-torn battle flag and cremated in the ruins of his own white-pillared mansion, while General Phil Sheridan (the major's classmate at West Point) wipes a tear from

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his grizzled cheeks and sobs, "God receive his stricken soul." Naturally the Yankee hero marries Major Crittendon's widow.

The second half of the book is so lacking in emotional depth, so confined to surfaces, so purely conceived in terms of gestures and pageantry, that instead of reading it I seemed to be watching a movie. But I should not say that Hervey Allen had written a script for Hollywood; scripts are better than that. It is rather as if the motion picture—the super-colossal five-million-dollar production in Technicolor—had already been made and distributed; and as if Hervey Allen had been hired to turn it into a novel, one of those 69-cent affairs illustrated with movie stills and intended for the drug-store trade. MALCOLM COWLEY

Twilight of the Expatriates

The Tropic of Cancer, by Henry Miller. Paris: The Obelisk Press. 50 francs.

THIS BOOK WAS FIRST PUBLISHED four years ago, but nobody, so far as I know, has ever reviewed it in America, and it seems to me that it deserves some notice.

Every phase of literary opinion is responsible for its critical injustices. During the twenties, this book would have been discussed in *The Little Review*, *The Dial* and *Broom*. Today the conventional critics tend to be shocked by it—though their attitude is certainly determined by advertising considerations as well as squeamishness. A book bound in paper and published in Paris has no chance against a book bound in cloth and brought out by a New York publisher, who will buy space to announce its appearance. The conservative literary reviews have not been so easily offended that they were not ready to give respectful attention to John O'Hara's "Butterfield 8" or to go all to pieces over Hemingway at his worst in "To Have and Have Not." The Left-Wingers have unhesitatingly ignored "The Tropic of Cancer" on the ground that it represented the decadent expatriate culture and could have no interest for the socially minded present.

Mr. Miller does certainly represent the Left Bank; but he has written the most interesting book which, as far as my reading goes, has come out of it in many years. "The Tropic of Cancer" is not only a good piece of writing: it has a sort of historical importance. It is the epitaph for the whole generation which migrated to France after the War.

The theme of "The Tropic of Cancer" is the lives of a group of Americans who have all more or less come to Paris with the intention of occupying themselves with literature but who have actually subsided easily into an existence almost exclusively preoccupied with drinking and fornication, varied occasionally with reading a book or visiting an art show—an existence for which they muster the resources by such expedients as pimping for travelers, playing gigolo to rich old ladies and sponging on one another. The general tone of the book is thus low: it is, in fact, from the point of view both of its happenings and of the language in which they are narrated, the lowest book I ever remember to have read; it makes Defoe's *Newgate Calendar* look like Plutarch. But if you can stand it, it is sometimes quite funny; for Mr. Miller has discovered and exploited a new vein of picaresque.

Interspersed with the disreputable adventures are phosphorescent flights of reverie devoted to the ecstasies of art or the doom of European civilization. These passages, though old-fashioned and rhetorical in a vein of late romantic fantasy reminiscent of "Les Chants de Maldoror," have a youthful and even ingenuous sound in queer contrast to the cynicism of the story. And there is a strange amenity of temper and style which bathes the whole composition even when we may find it tiresome or disgusting. It has frequently been characteristic of the American writers in Paris that they have treated pretentious subjects with sordid feeling and incompetent style. Mr. Miller has done the opposite: he has treated a subject frankly ignoble with a sure hand at color and rhythm. He is not self-conscious and not amateurish. And he has somehow managed to be low without precisely being sordid.

The last episode has a deadly ironic value. A certain Van Norden, who is unique among the narrator's friends in enjoying a small regular income derived from his family back home, becomes entangled in an affair with a French girl and apparently gets her pregnant. He drinks himself into an insane asylum; and when he emerges, falls straight into the claws of the girl and her peasant family. He is to marry her, set the old man up in business. They reduce him to utter abjection: the girl quarrels with him every night over dinner. Finally, the narrator suggests to Van Norden that he run away and go back home. For the latter the glamor is all off France: he has been up against the French as they really are (in general these refugees in Paris see nobody but one another); he realizes at last that the French think the romantic Americans idiots; and he is weepily homesick for America. He allows himself to be sent off on a train, leaving the narrator a sum of money to provide for the girl's accouchement.

But, as soon as Van Norden is gone, the narrator, with the money in his pocket, decides that France is a fine land after all. "Certainly never before," he thought, "had I had so much in my fist at one time. It was a treat to break a thousand-franc note. I held it up to the light to look at the beautiful watermark. Beautiful money! One of the few things the French make on a grand scale. Artistically done, too, as if they cherished a deep affection even for the symbol." Ginette need never know he had had it; and, after all, suppose her pregnancy was a bluff. He goes for a drive in the Bois. Does he want to take the money and go back to America himself? It is the first opportunity he has had. No: a great peace comes over him now. He knows that for half an hour he has money to throw away. He muses on the Seine in the setting sun and feels it quietly flowing through him: "its past, its ancient soil, the changing climate." It is only close up that human beings seem ugly; they become negligible when one can put them at a distance. A deep feeling of well-being fills him.

Have I, in retelling this incident, made it more comic than it is intended to be? Perhaps: because Mr. Miller evidently attaches some importance to the vaporings of his hero on the banks of the Seine. But he presents him as he really lives, and not merely in his vaporings or his poses. He gives us the genuine American bum come to lead the beautiful life in Paris; and he lays him away forever in his dope of Pernod and dreams.

EDMUND WILSON

Muriel Rukeyser's "US1"

US1: Poems by Muriel Rukeyser. New York: Covici, Friede. 147 pages. \$2.

THIS BOOK is all to the good, three longish, subdivided poems and a group of lyrics relating almost without exception to the social revolution. There are moments in the book that are pretty dull, but that's bound to be the character of all good things if they are serious enough: when a devoted and determined person sets out to do a thing he isn't thinking first of being brilliant, he wants to get there even if he has to crawl—on his face. When he is able to—whenever he is able to—he gets up and runs.

Muriel Rukeyser doesn't know everything about writing—Lorca, Pound, Eluard—but she does show that she has a respect for some of the battles won for it in the recent past. So much so that her book is strong enough to stand up to critical attack.

In her first poem, "The Book of the Dead," her material, *not* her subject matter but her poetic material, is in part the notes of a congressional investigation, an x-ray report and the testimony of a physician under cross-examination. These she uses with something of the skill employed by Pound in the material of his "Cantos." She knows how to use the *language* of an x-ray report or a stenographic record of a cross-examination. She knows, in other words, how to select and exhibit her material. She understands what words are for and how important it is not to twist them in order to make "poetry" of them.

This poem relates to big business and its "innocent" effects on the men it employs. If drills in silicate ore can work twice as fast dry as wet but, if dry, the dust they raise ultimately kills the men from a disease known as silicosis—then it still remains good business (if you can get away with it by bribery and other felonies of the sort) not to wet the drills. Inspired by her moral indignation Miss Rukeyser seizes upon the documentary facts of the cases in such a way as to make her points overwhelmingly convincing, so much so that a very real beauty results.

Miss Rukeyser's work is still very uneven. In some of her descriptions of natural loveliness in this poem and later she appears to forget that the beauty of a poem is not in what the poet sees but in what he makes of it. Plain statement is not quite enough in that case; nothing results but a piling up of words.

To me the best writing of the book aside from the use of the documentary evidence referred to above, is in the shorter poems of the second section. Here, because of the compactness, perhaps, the artist has been forced to select her words more carefully. The effect is satisfying. The third section, of the ship without a port, is an allegory too hastily written for my taste. The poet, possibly Hart Crane, is better handled than most of the other characters, but the effect of the whole is unenlightening. I prefer the newspapers for that sort of thing. They at least have the correct date at the top. Nothing comes up clear to me; it seems insufficiently studied. The same for the fourth section, the removal of the group of foreign athletes from Barcelona for France at the outbreak of the fascist rebellion. Harder, sharper pictures are required. We see the man left behind on the dock, we get a glimpse of the Russian sailors, but

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we do not get them sharply enough to make their significance vocal; they are lost in a tangle of intervening words.

I hope Miss Rukeyser does not lose herself in her injudicious haste for a "cause," accepting, uncritically, what she does as satisfactory, her intentions being of the best. I hope she will stick it out the hardest way, a tough road, and invent! make the form that will embody her rare gifts of intelligence and passion for a social rebirth the chief object of her labors. Her passion will not be sacrificed, on the contrary it will be emphasized, by the success of such attention to technical detail. So will the revolution.

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

Up from Oxford

Starting Point, by C. Day Lewis. New York: Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

DAY LEWIS is one of the innumerable writers who replace a once fashionable educated despair with an educated social conscience. Many of these writers, too anxious to show that they are not aloof from a mismanaged world, descend into terms so oversimplified and objective that their books are clinical and dull, their inquiries into emotions hampered by the need for a show of allegiance. It is refreshing to encounter a novel in which the preoccupation with social values does not destroy either the workmanship or the psychological conflicts of its characters. Day Lewis goes the whole way to communism. But in curing what Auden calls "the intolerable neutral itch," he maintains the integrity of both his style and his interpretation.

The dilemmas and revolts which he has until now expressed in verse are here set forth in the destinies of four Oxford graduates, widely divergent in temperament but alike in seeking some unity of thought and action which will give coherence to their lives. They include a chemist who sublimates his socialism in the impassive neutrality of test tubes; a successful novelist who conceals his sensitivity under a coating of acid cynicism; a Boys' Club leader eventually taking shelter in a monastery; and Anthony, a sort of focus for them all, who starts as a dependable barometer of upper-class opinion but ends on the soapbox of a Communist Party unit. Occasionally Lewis lapses into a too obvious pattern (as in the melodramatic scene where the novelist goes amok, shooting his mother and himself). More frequently he depicts his characters in precise, skillful portraits, their eccentricities highlighted, their dialogue often witty in the Huxley manner. The book abounds in metaphor—a metaphor, however, not based on rare sensory images, but sharply suggesting the contemporary scene in science, politics and even sport: what results is a blend of the poetic and the muscular.

But despite Anthony's soapbox, the book is in no sense a proletarian document. This is not because its hero keeps to the mold of the landed gentry, assured of an income even after his family has been eased out of its estate. It is rather because Anthony's communism is at best a hothouse product, growing more from the need of direction for himself than from a passion for social justice. To be sure, his development is credible up to his affiliation with the party,

a purely intellectual move which takes place as the sum total of past experience rather than a moral tacked on as a matter of conscience. But his subsequent enlistment in an International Brigade for Spain, his shift from moral sympathy to militant action, does not grow out of anything. Lewis, evoking a kind of communism for the intelligentsia, fails to instil in his characters any sense of unity with the working class on whom the revolution depends. Otherwise he points the way, intelligibly and often beautifully, from his "no man's land" of despair to the forces of social awareness.

MIRIAM BORGENTCHT

The Hands of Esau

Hearken unto the Voice, by Franz Werfel. Translated by Moray Firth. New York: The Viking Press. \$3.

ONE ENCOUNTERS a peculiar difficulty in evaluating Werfel's contribution to literature, and for this difficulty Werfel himself is responsible. His hands are the hands of Esau, but his voice remains the voice of Jacob: he produces pulp stories while employing—with what insistence!—the tone of the genius whose soul is burning for utterance and undergoing all the classical pangs of creation. This contrast and incongruity are particularly striking, to the point of unpleasantness, in "Hearken unto the Voice," for what this book attempts is no less than a novelized biography of the prophet Jeremiah. The austere, vehement biblical text has been dissolved in a flood of unusually turgid but otherwise quite ordinary prose, including all the paraphernalia which, since the days of Eugene Sue, characterize "popular" fiction. "Dissolved" is perhaps the wrong word; in fact, Werfel has scattered lumps of the original text among a great number of descriptions (some of them exciting, some wearisome) of battles, sieges, reckless exploits, exotic landscapes. Nor is romance missing: for Jeremiah is made to fall in love with a beautiful Egyptian maiden—of Jewish descent—who of course dies before her wedding with the prophet.

Jeremiah himself appears as a sort of misunderstood poet who must struggle with his materialistic-minded family and surroundings in order to carry out God's orders—and these orders always come as a sudden, overwhelming inspiration from outside. The psychology of the other characters is on the same level: the priests are solemn and priestly; the kings are impetuous and kingly; the warriors are fierce and warlike; the Egyptians, wise; the Assyrians, cruel; the mothers, motherly. In this book, the purpose of which is to show "that greatness is consistent only with running counter to the world and never with acceptance of it," every line, every thought, marks the triumph of convention.

The morality—for like every other story of this sort, "Hearken unto the Voice" has a moral thesis—is no exception. With the help of easy analogies and literary artifices, the situation of Jerusalem in 600 B. C. is likened to that of Central Europe in 1937, and Jeremiah's teachings, which, in their time, marked a progress in religious consciousness, are literally applied to our own time: our earthly sufferings are explained as the effect of a "divine strategy that spans eternity"; we are assured that the "eternally defeated are eternally victorious"; and we are promised that the oppressed will become "more and more alive"

The Wasted Land

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through death and "more and more pure" through the judgment of God.

Apart from Werfel's claim to have expressed his innermost soul—and, after all, we have no reason to disbelieve him—"Hearken unto the Voice" is distinguished from less pretentious writing by a curious device, one that is intended to bring in a further element of mystery and profundity. Jeremiah's life is not told directly; it is presented as the instantaneous vision granted to an English writer of Jewish descent. This vision begins and ends at exactly 23 minutes of 6 P.M.; and when Clayton Reeves emerges from it, he not only is cured of his epilepsy but has regained his ability to write, which he had lost after his young wife's death. Mr. Werfel apparently thought it necessary to prove that the life of the ancient prophet is a sort of panacea for the personal problems of a writer in search of a subject—as if the very existence of such a book were not a proof in itself.

NORBERT GUTERMAN

A People's Front in England

The People's Front, by G. D. H. Cole. London: Victor Gollancz. 336 pages. 7 s. 6 d.

The Labor Party in Perspective, by C. R. Attlee. London: Gollancz. 286 pages. 7 s. 6 d.

MR. COLE, one of England's most lucid writers upon economic and political matters, is in this latest book somewhat too diffuse and repetitive. Probably he wrote with haste. But in the best chapters his argument for a British People's Front is earnest, pointed and compelling. This argument is directed against no domestic fascist menace: at the moment there is none. But there is a most urgent need for aligning the country's foreign policy with the European Left for the prevention of imminent war, and the National Government cannot be trusted to do that.

Of course the British political situation is greatly different from that of France or of Spain. There is no possibility of a simple electoral pact between opposition parties for the pooling of a majority vote. There is only one opposition party that counts: the other groups could add no parliamentary strength—and everyone knows it with a sense either of satisfaction or futility. Officially, the Labor Party is optimistic. But its campaign managers must know that the chance of office for Labor is not within sight.

This appeal, therefore, makes a radical departure by speaking over the heads of the party leaders to all those British citizens who are for peace and democracy—though not necessarily for socialism. It urges a crystallization of opinion directed toward a broad, short-term electoral program which the Labor Party should adopt. The program suggested is an entirely reasonable one even from the democratic Socialist's viewpoint; for even a Socialist majority could not do more in one parliamentary term than a victorious People's Front could do. The difference, in fact, is largely psychological. It would shelve the fears of three million democrats who voted for the well meaning Mr. Baldwin only because they distrust Labor's ultimate goal. Let the aspirations wait, says this voice in the wilderness. They will have to in any case.

Major Clement R. Attlee, present leader of the Parliamentary Labor Party, has given an interesting account of

the origins of the movement, its conditioning by British political tradition and practice, its present ideological position, and his own opinion of its prospects. That last part of "The Labor Party in Perspective" is the weakest, for it contains no concrete argument at all and no clear-cut prophecy.

Without mentioning Mr. Cole by name the author appears to have his argument before him, and answers several of its points rather ably. He demonstrates that a government requires support in the House for much more than a minimum of specific proposals—requires in fact a constant loyalty to deal with a daily multitude of side issues; and he indicates the difference in spirit between Socialist and Liberal which would make such a matter as defining the powers of control committees in industry almost insuperably difficult. The liberal would be paralyzed by a fear of establishing precedents. The Socialist worth his salt does not believe in "making capitalism work." Positively, Mr. Attlee is strong here. But he leaves out the time element and the immediate challenge of European fascism. There is nothing so convincing in his book as Mr. Cole's masterly analysis of electoral chances. That analysis is not answered here. It is, in fact, unanswerable.

GEORGE MCLURE

Stop, Thief!

The Protection and Marketing of Literary Property, by Phillip Wittenberg. New York: Julian Messner. 400 pages. \$3.75.

THE SCIENTIFIC ADVANCES of the last three or four decades have not only increased the value of the writer's rights in his efforts and stressed the need for the protection of those rights, but have raised new problems in libel and obscenity. This book is a general survey of the subject. It will prove of interest and value to the writer, teacher, librarian, student and general reader alike. It explains briefly the nature of literary property, the history and present status of literary copyright, international copyright, plagiarism, the theft of names and titles, remedies for piracy and infringement, literary decency and libel. It discusses the employment and function of agents, contracts for publication in book form, dramatic-production contracts and motion-picture contracts. The rules and regulations pertaining to copyright registration and the Minimum Basic Agreement of the Dramatists' Guild presently in force (which governs practically all the plays produced today) are included in the appendix.

The various topics are briefly considered, and the material is in the main limited to a recital of basic principles and the review of a few illustrative examples. The result is a bird's-eye view; an exhaustive presentation was obviously impossible within the limitations of a single book. Libel, in itself a vast and intricate and hazardous field, and of special importance in current writing, is given only seventeen pages; plagiarism, thirty-four; obscenity, eighteen. The value of the book would have been greatly enhanced if the author had added a bibliography of reference material to each chapter so as to guide the reader interested in a particular phase to other works affording a more detailed and comprehensive presentation.

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No Little Woman

Louisa May Alcott, by Katharine Anthony. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 328 pages. \$3.

SHE WAS a wild little girl who rolled her hoop so furiously around Boston Common that she compelled the gaze of boys with whom she would have liked to play football. But she was schooled to discipline too: she enjoyed the bitter-sweet of surrendering to a guest the last cake at her own birthday party, and her heart ached for the toil and poverty of a mother afflicted with a gently ambling husband. She would devote herself to making things easier for "Marmee," be an old maid—and attain literary fame. She worked as a housemaid, did plain sewing, wrote stories for the weekly papers, traveled abroad as a nurse with a spoiled semi-invalid, and rejected love, not unwistfully, when it came to her. And she achieved her fame. She portrayed the girl she had been as Jo in "Little Women."

Louisa May Alcott's own story has some of the touchingness and old-fashioned charm of her books, quaint, stiff, and yet curiously real, honest and alive. But few of these qualities reach us through Miss Anthony's biography, which is neither straight story-telling nor analysis, but a fragmentation of many methods. Partly there is psychoanalysis: the passionate identification with the mother and revolt against the mild, philosophic inefficiency of Bronson Alcott, the fear of marriage and babies as a trap, the furious "vortex" of excitement in which she wrote, the hysterical nervous disorders of her later life. Partly there is the cultural influence of transcendentalism, Emerson and Thoreau, and her father's educational ideas and philosophic mysticism stealing back over her as she noted in her diary, "Father comes to honor in his old age." Partly there is the middle-class, Puritan, Abolitionist background, making her a woman suffragist and a reformer. And partly there is the simple story of hard work, duty, devotion to family, self-sacrifice and fame.

But these approaches remain almost separate from each other, not fused into a whole. None ever quite achieves a dominion over the others; neither are they gathered within and subordinated to any larger design. They are taken up and dropped by starts, left in a tantalizing state of half-development. How partisan, for example, was Louisa's love for her mother? And how long and how much did it qualify her respect and affection for her father? How are we to reconcile the statement that "she honored her father and lived more for him than for anybody else," with the picture of her changing attitude toward him as his prestige and fortunes changed? What was the emotional tangle among her mother, Charles Lane and her father at Fruitlands? Miss Anthony treats it with a curious evasiveness, and does not tell us if Louisa's later handling of their relationship in her novel, "Moods," was veracious, nor answer the question why, if Abba Alcott and Charles Lane were in love with each other, she and the children feared that Bronson Alcott might go away with Lane. Unresolved psychological problems like these are crucial obstacles to a clear and convincing character portrait.

Little evidence is given for the influence of the transcendentalists and Alcott's educational theories. For the former, we have Louisa's freedom from conventional religious

faith and a single quotation from Emerson; for the latter, the statement—only slightly developed—that Alcott's ideas appear in "Jack and Jill" and his School of Philosophy in "Jo's Boys." Miss Anthony does substantiate Louisa Alcott's claim to being a pioneer in women's suffrage and her realization that economic equality was more fundamental for women than political equality; but only the vaguest generalities are given to her social views as a whole. "Her ideas concerning education, temperance, housing and prison reform could still be used to point the way toward improvements in those fields today," says Miss Anthony, and lets the subject drop.

Intellectually thin, this biography is hardly more substantial in dramatic projection or realization of atmosphere. Concord and Boston are only the most tenuous of ghosts. The portrayal of Louisa Alcott is best while she is still a little girl and Miss Anthony has her own fictional presentation of her life to draw from, but it fades away in the later years, and for all the pathos and lonely victory in the story it is never moving. The Alcotts were indeed, as Miss Anthony declares, a remarkable family and "a considerable part of our American cultural heritage." But this book is far from recreating Louisa May Alcott as "Pedlar's Progress" did Bronson Alcott. The author of "Little Women" was more than a writer of children's stories, and she deserves a better monument than Miss Anthony has erected.

EDGAR JOHNSON

New Books: A Reader's List

THE REALM OF TRUTH, by George Santayana (Scribner's, \$2.75). Third in a series of four philosophical essays which, when completed, will be called "The Realms of Being." The four realms, for Santayana, are Essence, Matter, Truth and Spirit.

OXFORD LIMITED, by Keith Briant (Farrar and Rinehart, \$2.50). A bright young Oxford graduate discusses the history and present status of a great university. Lively and informative chapters on sex, politics and journalism.

BLACK AND BEAUTIFUL, by Marius Fortie (Bobbs-Merrill, \$3.50). Autobiography of one man who laid down the white man's burden and fell in love with Africa—and African women.

THE APACHE INDIANS, by Frank C. Lockwood (Macmillan, \$3.50). A well documented history of the Apaches from Spanish days to the present, with a particularly fascinating chapter on Apache culture. Good photographs.

COMMUNISM, FASCISM OR DEMOCRACY? by Eduard Heimann (Norton, \$2.50). An analysis of modern political systems in the light of the democratic ideals, leading to the conclusion that democracy as opposed to fascism and communism is holding a "key position." The author believes that liberty, justice, humanism, etc., would have been better prospects in a "pluralistic" system combining a "centralized planned control of industry" with a "decentralized free market" in agriculture.

MEET ME ON THE BARRICADES, by Charles Yale Harrison (Scribners, \$2). A fantastic short novel, based on the notion that the Comintern has betrayed humanity. The quiet little "hero," an oboe-player living in a singularly vivid dream-world, plays out his drama of doubt and disillusionment—to the death—in bed.

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MORE OF MY LIFE, by Andrea Majocchi (Knight, \$2.50). The author of "Life and Death" continues his account of the surgeon's unceasing labor, and his devotion to what is an "art" as well as a science. Written with simplicity, sympathy and devout Catholic faith.

LEGENDS OF THE LONGHOUSE, by Jesse Cornplanter of the Senecas (Lippincott, \$2). A modern Seneca chieftain, descendant of that Cornplanter who was friend to General Washington, digs deep into the poetry and re-

membered lore of his people. A beautiful book, of interest to all folklorists. Introduction by Carl Carmer.

CLAUDE BERNARD, PHYSIOLOGIST, by J. M. D. Olmsted (Harpers, \$4). An excellent biography of Pasteur's great contemporary. Dr. Olmsted discusses Bernard's scientific and philosophical conceptions, and his great discoveries of the vasomotor system and the functions of the pancreas and liver. Sixteen illustrations and a foreword by Alexis Carrel.

Contributors

H. N. BRAILSFORD, London correspondent of The New Republic, is widely known as a writer on history, economics and international affairs.

HAMILTON BASSO, who writes from the Alpes-Maritimes, where he is spending part of the winter, is the author of three books about the South of which the most recent was "Courthouse Square."

FELICE SWADOS, a native of Buffalo and a graduate of Smith College, is studying political and labor conditions in the maritime and steel industries.

HOWARD HAYES has contributed short stories to The American Spectator and The New Republic. "Broadcast Control Room" is his first published poem.

KAY BOYLE is best known as a writer of novels and short stories, her most recent volume being "The Death of a Man."

LOUIS M. HACKER, a member of the Economics department of Columbia University, has written a number of books about the history and the economic problems of the United States.

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS is the author of several books of verse and a novel, "White Mule." A book of his

short stories, "Life Along the Passaic River," has just been published by New Directions.

EDMUND WILSON's forthcoming book, "The Triple Thinkers," a collection of essays, is scheduled for publication on March 17 by Harcourt, Brace.

MIRIAM BORGENICHT is a recent graduate of Barnard College and is now free-lancing in New York City.

NORBERT GUTERMAN writes for magazines here and in Paris. He is the author, with Henri Lefebvre, of "La Conscience Mystifiée."

GEORGE McLURE is a free-lance writer who lives in Westmount, Quebec. He has contributed essays and book reviews to several Canadian periodicals.

ALEXANDER LINDEY is a practising attorney who specializes in literary, stage, radio and motion-picture law. He is the author of "Separation Agreements" and co-author of "Hold Your Tongue: Adventures in Slander and Libel."

EDGAR JOHNSON's study of biography during the last four centuries, "One Mighty Torrent: The Drama of Biography," was published last year by Stackpole Sons.

LECTURES

FRANCES PERKINS, Secretary of Labor, will speak on **THE LABOR PROBLEM**, Monday, March 7, 8:30 P.M., Hotel Center, 108 West 43rd St. Admission 50c, 75c, \$1.00. Aup. The School of The Jewish Woman.

"**TROTSKYISM, Past and Present**," lecture by Carl Brodsky, Saturday afternoon, March 5th, 2:30 P. M. Workers School, 35 East 12th St., 2nd floor. Adm. 25c.

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